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France and Africa

Basil Davidson

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Democracy in the ETU

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Debate on the Novel

Pamela Hansford Johnson

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Britain's Most Vital Interest

Last week we expressed our fears that, of all the great powers, only Britain was seriously working for a Summit meeting on the Middle East. Our pessimism has since been confirmed by events. Mr Krushchev's latest note effectively cuts the rope to Camp Six, and it was received with manifest relief in Washington. Both the super-powers are now feverishly entrenching themselves in their Cold War positions and preparing for a sustained propaganda fusillade on the floor of the General Assembly, which neither can hope to win. No doubt Russia can score tactical points, both by insisting that the Assembly takes note of the UN Observer Corps' two reports on the Lebanon – thereby undermining the factual basis for US intervention – and by marshalling the Afro-Asian powers to register their disapproval of what they believe to be an act of aggression. But the Americans can reply that, thanks to their efforts, the Lebanese crisis is now virtually over; it is even possible that Mr Cabot Lodge will be able to open the debate announcing the imminent evacuation of US troops. Meanwhile, the basic causes of Middle Eastern tension, springing from the inability of the two blocs to reconcile their conflicting interests in the area, will continue as before.

The principal sufferer – apart from the Arab states themselves – will, of course, be Britain. Mr Macmillan hoped to engineer the withdrawal of the paratroopers from Amman under the cover of a Summit smoke-screen. Now he must choose between an indefinite occupation – which the Israeli air barrier and the growing chances of a popular explosion render impracticable for purely military reasons – and abandoning Hussein. His dilemma could be solved by the King's voluntary abdication, and this is no doubt the course his British advisers are now urging. But this will not conceal the futility of the operation, which has once again demonstrated the two fatal stigmata of British policy: the willingness to use force, the inability to use it effectively.

Quite apart from this immediate problem, it is again British long term interests which will be most affected by the failure to reach great power agreement. Russia has nothing to lose by keeping Middle Eastern tension at simmering point, especially since the latest fracas has shown there is little chance of the pot boiling over into world war. America, too, has no vital economic interests in the area, and she does, moreover, command the physical means, in the last resort, to intervene with immediate and massive force when such interests as she does possess are threatened. But Britain's military capacity shrinks in proportion as her economic and financial dependence on the Middle East increases. Ethics apart, we must now attempt to reach some stable relationship with the Arab states.

After the Suez fiasco, when America relieved us of the burden of military paramountcy in the area, Britain was given an opportunity to assume an entirely new role. Relieved of political responsibility, we might have become the friend, patron and guide of Arab nationalism. The chance was let slip: instead we clung to our eroded positions under the new umbrella of the Eisenhower Doctrine. But the Anglo-American partnership was bound to fail since, as the present crisis has shown, our interests and aims are not concordant. Now a further chance has been offered us. Dismayed by the cynical haggling of the super-powers, the Arabs are desperately anxious to find an honest broker who can protect their interests from the interplay of Cold War forces. Britain is most qualified for the task. All that prevents us from assuming it are the hangovers from previous disputes – Suez, Bureimi, the Aden frontier and above all the personal feud with Nasser. In each case, we will have to make concessions: but the price of intransigeance could be the collapse of the entire sterling area. In one sense, the fall of the Baghdad bastion should make the task of reconciliation easier, for a compromise with Nasser can no longer be represented as a betrayal of our 'friends'. Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, Nasser is now our natural ally in an area where the super-powers have grown reconciled to tension. To start with, Britain can use the opportunity of the Assembly debate to cut across the propaganda battle and restate the positive, four-point policy Mr Bevan put forward in parliament. It made sense in a Summit context. It still makes sense today.

Comments on the Week's News

Peking Summit

The meeting between Krushchev and Mao took place in Peking. That symbolises the change in the power-relations of the Communist world which is recorded in the joint communiqué published on Monday. From now on, Communism has two capitals, two spokesmen of equal weight – for the first time there is no reference to the 'leading role' of the Soviet Union – and whatever detailed points of difference there may be between them it is clear that on all matters of importance one cannot now act without the other. Whatever the reasons which have led Krushchev to this agreement, it marks a turning-point both in the internal politics of Communism and in its posture towards the rest of the world. For it means that the domestic strains and stresses which follow from China's industrialisation will be much more directly reflected in the other Communist states (and the campaign against Yugoslav revisionism is the first indication of this), and that the Chinese assessment of the world situation will increasingly colour the foreign policy of the Soviet bloc. Indeed, when the communiqué speaks of 'wiping out clean the imperialist aggressors' in the event of war and so establishing 'an everlasting peace' it is repeating the Chinese view that Communism could survive a nuclear holocaust: Mr Krushchev has tipped his hat to this idea in the past but has never been willing to put it so crudely. Similarly, the cancellation of nuclear tests is demoted to second place on the agenda for 'maintaining peace', presumably in deference to China's reported desire for membership of the nuclear club. These, and the strongly-worded phrases about unity and co-operation, underline Krushchev's statement on returning to Moscow that 'the policy of ignoring People's China is folly', and that it is farcical to keep Formosa on the Security Council. There has been a Sino-Soviet settlement of great importance, and what Moscow has had to recognise today Washington would be wise to recognise tomorrow. World politics can no longer be conducted on the assumption that Peking is a paper tiger performing in Krushchev's circus. This Summit meeting gave Mao a half-interest in half the world.

Macmillan in Cyprus

Macmillan has not listened to silly complaints that Grivas is merely suiting his own convenience in proclaiming a truce. Whatever his motives, he did what the British, Greek and Turkish premiers called for; and Eoka's example has been followed by the Turkish underground organisation. Thus, there has been an interlude in the grim cycle of killing. Because this interlude is likely to be brief Mr Macmillan is very sensibly accompanying Sir Hugh Foot to Athens and Ankara. Mr Macmillan is naturally seeking to match the terrorist truce by a political agreement with the governments that stand behind the rival factions in Cyprus. Even if the Greeks and Turks cannot be persuaded to reverse their hostility to Britain's 'triple partnership' scheme, they may be induced to call off their intrigues against each other for a time. That would indeed be a great step forward. But it would not alter the fact that there have never been more than two long-term solutions to the Cypriot problem – one Greek, one Turkish. The Greek solution means giving self-government and eventually (but not in the immediate future) self-determination to the people of Cyprus as a whole, who are four-fifths Greek. It involves the probability – though not the absolute certainty – of Enosis in the end. In justice it would require very careful provision, perhaps under the general authority of the UN, for the rights of the Turkish minority – which has, until in the last couple of years the *status quo* has been artificially disturbed on the instructions of the Turkish government in Ankara, lived in perfect harmony with the Greek majority. The Turkish solution means any policy (carried out by Britain, the UN, or Nato, or anybody) which prevents the majority of Cypriots from treading the natural road to independence and self-determination. The two most obvious forms of a Turkish solution would be either partition or permanent British rule. The former would be resisted by every possible means by four-fifths of the inhabitants and would mean a movement of population unprecedented in such a small area, with accompanying bitterness and bloodshed which cannot easily be imagined. It is not possible to draw a dividing line between the communities anywhere in the island which would not leave a big majority of Greeks and a small minority of Turks on both sides. As to permanent British rule, if the experience of the last four years in Cyprus is not enough, the history of Palestine suggests that this is not likely to be a viable solution for much longer. Thanks solely to British policy over the last four years, which has shortsightedly and unnecessarily acquiesced in the Turkish blackmail from Ankara, it seems too much to hope that any agreed solution – however ingenious on paper – can succeed. And if a solution has to be imposed, the real question is: which solution is the just and natural one? And on which faction is it wiser and easier for us to impose?

A New Deal in Malta?

As was shown in a recent article in this journal by the ex-Prime Minister of Malta, Mr Mintoff, economic fears have been the main bedevilling force in Anglo-Maltese relations. Britain's new military policy, involving a rapidly decreasing strategic interest in the Malta dockyard, may be said to have killed integration. The decision to convert this naval yard to commercial use ought, therefore, to ease the situation and prepare the way for a new political detente. This will only become possible, however, if it is realised that confidence and good faith have to be re-established with the greatest care. The Maltese are a justifiably proud people, and they feel very deeply that Britain has been prepared to sacrifice them to her own selfish interests. There is some suspicion even now that the Governor has been given more help by Whitehall than was offered to Mintoff, and similarly that no Maltese representatives have been consulted in the new plan. It is, of course, quite impossible for any British government to give an absolute guarantee of future employment to every dockyard worker – any more than to any British worker. Yet two things should be made clear by the British government if their latest proposals are to have any chance of success. Elections should be held at the earliest moment – waiting for another constitutional conference in November may kill the prospects – so that elected Maltese representatives can take a full part in economic planning and the introduction of a compromise constitution. Secondly, full estimates should be given of the number of workers who can expect to be absorbed in the commercial docks, while the extent and timing of the establishment of secondary industries must now be publicised so that the Maltese workers know what is their aim.

A South African Mystery

Just before parliament rose last week Mrs Castle and Mr Brockway managed to question the Under-secretary for Commonwealth Relations on the defence agreement between Britain and the Union of South Africa which grants facilities to the Union government in the High Commission Territories of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland. Subsequently Mr Brockway raised the matter again in debate. On both occasions the Under-secretary's replies were sufficiently vague and evasive to suggest that the UK government has something to conceal. He refused Mrs Castle's request that the full text of the agreement should be published. Why? It is common practice to publish such agreements in the form of White Papers, and it is certainly desirable in the present case where the political issues involved are exceptionally important. His denial that 'in anything that has been agreed . . . . there are matters additional to those set out under the heads of agreement' – which have already been published – was ambiguous and unconvincing. Further, he refused in answer to both Mr Brockway and Mrs Castle to reveal the nature of the advice given to his officials by the various African authorities who were consulted. It may be that the British government could make a reasonable case in all the circumstances for recommending parliament to accept some agreement on this matter with the Union. But the suspicion must remain, unless it is dispelled by full publication of the facts, that, first, unpublished provisions of the agreement (even if they come generally under the published heads) would be unacceptable to opinion in Britain and in the High Commission Territories; and, secondly, that the African advice offered the government was hostile to the agreement.

Nu's Olive Tree

Rumours that U Nu would find some extra-parliamentary way of passing his budget have proved false, and the Burmese parliament has been summoned for 28 August. At its last meeting on 9 June Nu won a vote of confidence by 127 votes against 119. Since then he has again displayed his political shrewdness in taking into his Cabinet MPs from minority groups; in conferring with 300 representatives of Burmese life in his Union Planning Seminar; and, probably most significant, in dangling a whole olive tree before the uncertain eyes of Communist and other insurgents who have fought him for the past ten years. This Indemnity Order under Section 60 of the constitution was announced last week by U Nu's new Judicial Minister, Dr E. Maung. It extended pardon to all insurgents who gave up their arms at places prescribed and returned into the pale of the law by midnight on 31 July. It also applied to organisations declared illegal under the Unlawful Associations Act and to government officials who have transgressed law and order. The opposition, led by U Ba Swe and U Kyaw Nyein (U Nu's colleagues from 1936 until he broke with them last May), consider this a wild concession to the Communists. The Order will be laid before parliament – but does not need its positive sanction. By 28 August Than Tun, the Communist leader, will have to show whether or not he wants peace, or whether his overground supporters merely use the general desire for peace as a political weapon. Meanwhile U Nu's government has started plans for an autumn election.

India's Problem

However calculating – and sometimes uneasy – may be the attitude of the Russian leaders towards Mao Tse-tung, they do at least provide their main ally with the long-term assurance that capital equipment and technical advisers in known and substantial quantity will be steadily forthcoming for Chinese economic planning. As a contrast India, the largest democracy ever created in the history of the world, is continually having to go cap in hand to America, Britain and West Germany. At present she must secure £400 million in foreign loans or aid if her endeavour to raise industrial production by 64 per cent and agricultural output by 28 per cent during her second Five Year Plan is not to fail. The sum required is about what the United States gives every two years to Chiang Kai-shek, South Korea and South Vietnam to lavish on arms. Nor is India's shortfall of foreign exchange her own fault. Inflation in Europe and the Suez folly swelled the cost of her capital equipment purchases in 1956; the American recession has lowered the prices paid for India's commodities this year. Nevertheless, so far from finding partners to 'plan with' her, as the Russians do with the Chinese, India must periodically tremble on the verge of bankruptcy.

Ill-treatment in the Prisons

The Prison Officers Association need not have put up such a poor front about the Russell Vick report, *Allegations of Ill-treatment of Prisoners in H.M. Prison, Liverpool*, one of the most extraordinary – not to say disturbing – official documents ever published about the modern prison service. After 80 allegations of brutality to prisoners had been investigated (on the persistent demand of Mrs. Braddock, privilege or no privilege), 'there were charges,' said the Prison Officers Association, 'under the code of discipline in only four cases; and of those, two were dismissed.' But Sir Godfrey Russell Vick, QC, mentions 13 prison officers 'against whom charges should be preferred, but the prisoners who were involved in the alleged incidents either declined to make statements or could not be traced.' This does not bear out the rejoinder of the Prison Officers Association that 'prisoners and ex-prisoners literally flocked to give evidence' in response to a guarantee against punishment or intimidation. Everyone knows that a prison officer has a job that can often be very tough – much depending on the man himself – and recent intemperate press outbursts about escapes from custody are only too typical of the publicity that the prison service has to put up with. But the stories about the 'practical jokes' – the squirting of liquid through cell-door inspection holes when the occupant of the cell is not looking, for example – these will remain long in the memory of those who are concerned to humanise prison conditions.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Triumph for Faubus

For the first time in 50 years the Democrats of Arkansas – Republicans in that state hardly matter – have found a Governor worthy of nomination for a third term. That this tribute has come to the Honourable Orval Faubus surprises no one, least of all the Governor. There is good evidence that the decision to use his National Guard to keep Negro children out of a Little Rock high school was made at the same time he decided to run again, and it clearly had more to do with ambition than conviction. A reputable lawyer who was close to Faubus at the time pleaded with him against the course he had chosen, but got nowhere. 'I'm sorry', the Governor is reported to have said. 'I hate to do it – I'm no segregationist – but I'm committed politically.' In fact coloured students had already been admitted to formerly lily-white schools in a number of Arkansas communites without so much as a shrug from the Governor. But his private soundings – he is forever taking polls to determine his policies – indicated a sure-fire issue in the Little Rock situation, and there aren't many issues that will get you a third term as Governor of Arkansas.

What was surprising was the magnitude of Faubus's success. Running against two other candidates, he polled 70 per cent. of the vote, winning by 140,000, whereas he had squeaked in by only 7,000 votes when he ran two years ago. Excuses and explanations were quickly forthcoming but hardly adequate. Chiefly it was pointed out that his opponents were weak, and they were. Both of them were ardently against integration, differing from Faubus only in their insistence on keeping their opposition within the bounds of the law.

Such factors no doubt entered into the Faubus triumph but what accounted for its landslide proportions was the resentment over President Eisenhower's tactics last September, what the Governor repeatedly and fondly dwelt on as 'the horrifying use of federal bayonets in the streets of an American city and in the halls of a public high school'. Use of state troops to defy the courts wasn't horrifying at all, it seems, but memories of reconstruction are still vivid enough to have made the President's tactics a goad to fury and a boon to Faubus. A clear indication that this was the issue, was the Governor's strength even in northwestern Arkansas, where Negroes are few and where many schools have been voluntarily and quietly integrated.

The results of the Arkansas primary confront the Administration with the absolute necessity of finding a policy and finding it quickly. With the opening of the school term only a few weeks away, resistance has stiffened throughout the South. Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia have yet to make even a start at integration, and they are less likely to now than they were a year ago. Should the Court of Appeals reverse the Arkansas District Court's recent order to postpone de-segregation there until 1961, the issue will be drawn all over again at Little Rock, exactly as it was a year ago. Virginia, taking a different tack, is preparing to close the schools of any community in which lawsuits have brought about court orders to integrate. 'We cannot submit to usurpation', Representative Abbitt of Virginia told the House the other day. At the same time, his colleague, Representative Broyhill, is hopeful of arranging a conference, between the President and the Governor of Virginia. The Congressman's town of Arlington is just across the Potomac, he pointed out a bit coyly, and with the issue drawn almost in his own backyard, he didn't know 'whether the President could stay completely out of it'. It would be hard, even for a President not easily involved in unpleasant controversy.

Robert Bendiner

Paris

Green Light for Autocracy

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Outside De Gaulle's immediate circle, the draft of the new constitution has aroused hostility among every shade of the political spectrum. But the General has not been in the least disturbed by the angry noises among the professional politicians. When one of his secretaries drew his attention to criticisms from some Centre-Right leaders, he is said to have replied: 'That doesn't worry me in the least. On the contrary – it will help me'. He may be right: the voluntary abdication of the old Assembly has so undermined the prestige of the men of the Fourth Republic that any appeals they may now make to public opinion are unlikely to find much response. Apart from the Communist Party, which commands the support of only 20 per cent of the electorate, all the other parties are in such a state of demoralisation that it is hard to see how they can organise an effective campaign against the new constitution. Moreover, the date of the referendum has now been brought forward a week – to 28 September. The Socialists are not due to hold their congress until the beginning of September, while the Radicals will meet only at the middle of the month; so De Gaulle's two most likely opponents will have little more than a fortnight to mount an opposition campaign. The only group which has already begun to organise public opinion against De Gaulle – the inter-party Union of Democratic Forces, founded by Daniel Mayer and Mendès-France – is largely confined to the Paris area; and its leaders are on holiday.

True, the Gaullists are not doing much campaigning either, and there is not the slightest sign of any popular support for the General's constitution. But he does not need public support: all he requires is public apathy. A great many Frenchmen, whatever their political views, clearly do not wish to return to the muddle of recent years, and the General's scheme is being presented as the only alternative – notably by Jacques Soustelle's radio-television propaganda machine. Even if, by some mischance, metropolitan voters do not come up to scratch, De Gaulle can always rely on Algeria to redress the balance in his favour. According to General Salan's statistics, four million Algerians are already on the voting lists, with Arabs outnumbering Europeans by five to one. In view of the fact that 84 per cent of these future Arab 'voters' cannot read or write, Salan has decided that they will be offered a simple choice between blue and white ballot papers. Moreover, the voting will be staggered over a number of days, so that detachments of paratroops can be moved about the country 'to ensure the freedom of the ballot box'. There can be little doubt about the outcome of a referendum held in these conditions.

Fleet Street

Should We Tell ?

The International Press Institute is asking the editors amongst its members in all countries to answer a long and difficult questionnaire on a subject which is, I think, of considerable public interest. Summed up, what it comes to is this: Should a journalist tell? The question came up to some extent during the Bank Rate Tribunal—although it never became a real issue because all the journalists called before the Tribunal at once revealed their sources (only three made even a minor protest at being required to do so) much to the astonishment of many of their colleagues. It is, however, fair to say that when it came to it none of them had very much to disclose—or hide—in the way of confidential sources anyway. In the US it has recently become much more of an issue, as newspapermen have been called upon by various Congressional committees and other bodies to tell where and from whom particular information has been received. In Denmark there was a case in which a reporter on the *Nordsjaellands Social-Demokrat* wrote a story disclosing that the tax accounts of a well-known barrister and former Mayor of Hilleroid were under investigation and that a charge of tax evasion might follow, and subsequently refused to disclose his source when ordered to by a Judge, went to the Supreme Court. It has now, however, been dropped following the death of the former Mayor concerned, so that the legal issue has not been finally determined.

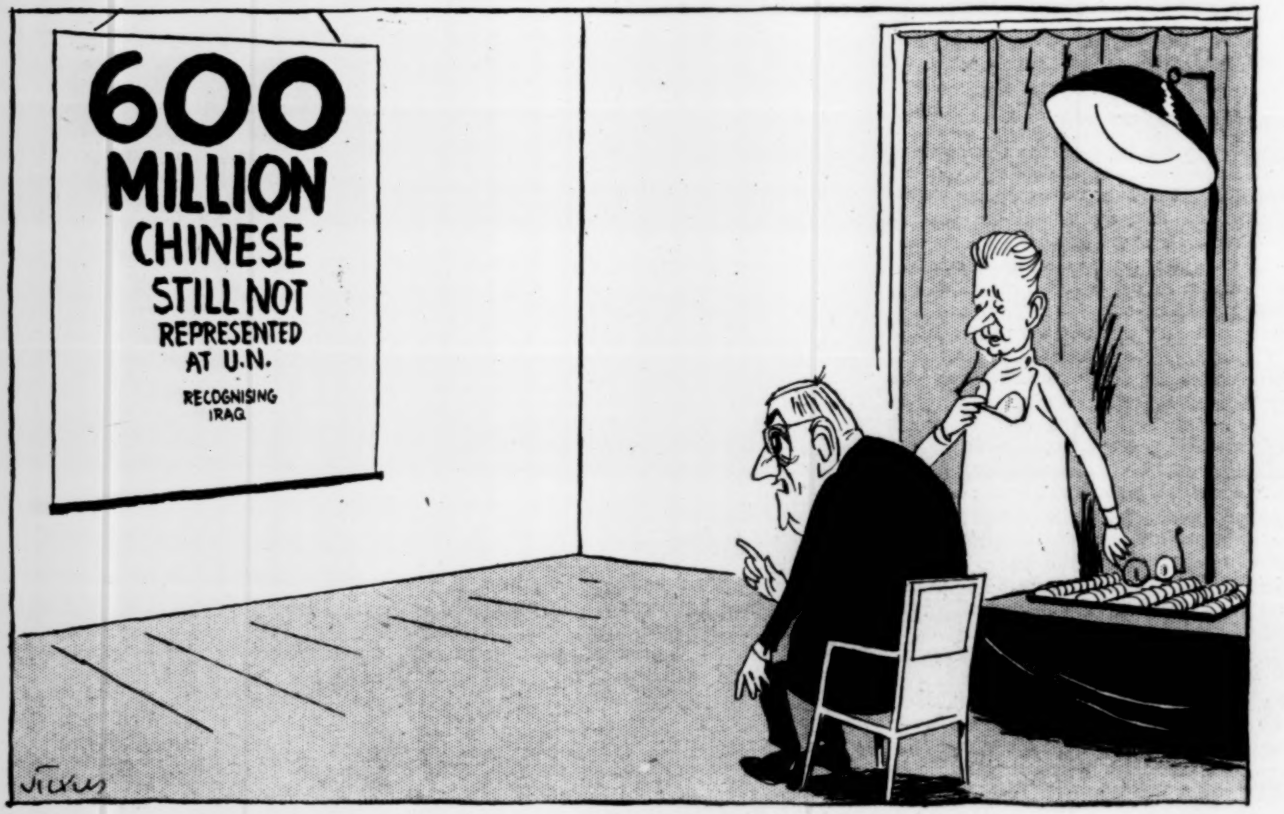
Under British law the journalist, of course, has no safeguards: he is not regarded as occupying the same position as, say, a doctor or a lawyer in the matter of professional confidences. He must tell or take the consequences. And this is true in most other countries. In fact, of course, there have been occasions in many countries when journalists have refused to tell—and circumstances in which some have done so at considerable risk to themselves. But ought the journalist's right of professional secrecy to be legally recognised and if so under what circumstances and to what extent? The question is not made more easy by many current journalistic practices. We find ourselves back again, in fact, at the old problem of how far the press should properly be regarded as an instrument of the public interest, and how far it is merely to be regarded as one amongst several instruments of mass entertainment. Every journalist will know of occasions where the only way in which he can hope to get evidence which he believes ought to be published in the public interest is by giving an absolute assurance that the source will be treated as confidential. Cases of alleged malpractices by local—or for that matter—central authorities are an obvious example of this. So are allegations of improper pressures or practices by powerful commercial and industrial interests.

Apart from such issues, every political and diplomatic correspondent—and many others—will know of instances in which information has been given to them on the strict understanding that not only will they not publish its source but will not disclose it even under pressure if there is trouble after publication. In the great majority of cases, it is true, such confidences have only to be maintained against private pressures. I imagine there can be no argument that the journalist who has given his word is bound to hold to it however strong those pressures may become—and they can be formidable. But suppose the matter moves from the private to the public sphere and becomes the subject of a court action, an issue of parliamentary privilege, or a judicial tribunal? Should the journalist still refuse to tell? And ought he, perhaps, actually to have the legal right to refuse to do so if he can show that the disclosure was made as a matter of public interest and that he was professionally obliged to safeguard his source?

There are, I imagine, many who might be prepared to admit that there may be a case for the journalists' right to professional secrecy in matters of important policy, who would understandably be very anxious not to give newspapers any privilege which might be used to probe into private lives or smear public reputations with greater impunity than at present. The trouble is that in this, as in some other matters, the legitimate claims of responsible newspapers are too likely to be undermined by the excesses of others. And there are the further questions raised by the International Press Institute in its questionnaire as to whether the right of professional secrecy, if admitted, should apply to all journalists or only to some—editors for instance. And whether it should be accepted even in cases of murder or high treason or only in that of lesser court actions, and perhaps only in civil cases. And who should adjudicate on whether it should or should not apply in a particular case—the court concerned, another court, or some special body with professional representation on it?

Meanwhile the dilemma is a real one. It is likely to get larger not smaller in an age in which press disclosure may sometimes be the only safeguard available to the private citizen against bureaucratic power. For myself I believe that if he is himself satisfied as to the need for it—and he should not pledge himself in the first case if he is not—the journalist must safeguard his sources, whatever penalties he may bring on himself by doing so.

Francis Williams



'I can just read the two bottom lines . . .'

Democracy in the ETU

At the beginning of this year certain charges were made against the Communist leadership of the Electrical Trades Union. They arose, specifically, out of a closely contested election for a vacancy on the union's executive in which Mr Les Cannon, a former Communist, opposed Mr Fraser, whom the Communist machine was grooming for higher office. At that time, it was argued in this journal – and in great detail by Mr Woodrow Wyatt – that in this and other elections the Communist leadership had resorted to election fraud in order to ensure that it retained control of the ETU, and that the conduct of the union by these leaders was bringing discredit both upon their own union and, indirectly, upon the trade union movement as a whole. The issue was not, as the ETU leadership sought to imply, an attack by 'the capitalist press' upon the internal affairs of a militant union. It was the mismanagement of a militant trade union by a group of Communists in their party interests, by a series of frauds and falsehoods which the Communists sought to conceal from the membership by crying that the union itself was in danger.

The ETU leadership subsequently replied to these criticisms in two ways. First, it published an 'answer' to this journal in pamphlet form which tried to juggle election statistics to support its own argument. Secondly, it used its control of the union organisation to damp down inquiries and protests about the conduct of the Cannon-Fraser election. The intention was to brazen out this particular dispute and, by employing the greater powers granted by the last rules conference, make it even more difficult for its critics within the union to challenge its control. That, they hoped, might be the end of it.

Yet it is not the end. The tactics followed by the Communist leaders have not only aroused discontent among the rank-and-file. They have also been criticised and opposed within the Communist organisation, and disciplinary measures have had to be taken against members of the Communist Party who have refused to condone the kind of trickery demanded of them. Among those who protested was Mr Mark Young, a Communist for nine years, chairman of the ETU Finchley branch for five years, and for three years a member of one of the secret 'advisory committees' (or fractions) through which the Communist Party operates within the union. On 20 July Mr Young was expelled from the Communist Party, and in a long letter which we publish on a later page he sets out the reasons why he opposed the party leadership, and gives some examples of the manner in which elections have been manipulated.

On this occasion, it cannot be argued that it is the ETU, as such, which is being attacked. Mr Young is making public the activities of a Communist fraction which has no constitutional standing in the union – indeed, some of those who attend meetings at party headquarters where ETU business is discussed are not even members of the union – and which is run autocratically by the clique which is in control. He has done so because there is no other way of proving to the rank-and-file that the Communists are using the machinery of the union for their own ends, and that many crucial decisions about union policy and elections are made by an outside body. It is significant that, in the earlier controversy, the ETU leadership did not reply to repeated questions about the existence and functions of the 'advisory committees'. They could not, because that would have put the rest of their case out of court: they are safe only so long as they can camouflage themselves as misrepresented union militants.

Mr Haxell and his associates may try to ignore Mr Young's letter or they may attempt to blackguard him. Either course is a desperate one – but, then, they are in a desperate position. They are already preparing to trump up charges against Mr Cannon to prevent him going to the TUC as a union delegate and to stop him running for office again; and they are invoking union rules to stop other critics exposing malpractices. But their real power rests less upon their control of the union machine than on the use they make of the Communist machine outside it. It is to this aspect of the affair that Mr Young has drawn attention, and when this is understood by the union members they can take the necessary steps to restore democracy in the ETU.

France and West Africa

Listening to Europeans in 'settler Africa', one sometimes has the impression that the pace of African advance towards sovereignty is so slow that they, the Europeans, have all the time in the world to adjust themselves to it. Perhaps this is because Europeans in Africa are often pathetically ignorant of political affairs outside their own parish-pump racialism. Yet within a couple of years there may be as many as 70 million self-governing Africans in ex-colonial territories south of the Sahara: Ghana, Nigeria, Somaliland, French West and Equatorial Africa – with others, behind them but not far behind them, demanding the same rights and the same equality of status. The intensive period of European colonialism in most of continental Africa will have lasted much less than a century.

More nations? More quarrelling sovereignties? These peoples emerge from subjection in the sad evening of the world of nation-states: must they revive the old out-moded pattern? British attitudes in Africa, governed so largely by a racialism which may possibly admit 'partnership' but never integration, continues to push Africans steadily into an opposing mould, and it is not an accident that every independence movement in British Africa calls itself *nationalist,* and rests its claim to independence on the ideology of the nation-state – even when peoples enclosed within arbitrary imperial frontiers are diverse and, potentially at least, of several nations.

French achievement in another direction has gone oddly unnoticed in the outside world; and yet, by African reaction, it is a great achievement. French imperialism and constitutional practice in west and central Africa created two large units, West Africa and Equatorial Africa, the first being divided administratively into eight territories and the second into four. This geographical-administrative framework, backed by the assimilationist (and Jacobin) tradition of *la mission française* and an admirable lack of racialism among the French, has caused the emergence not of 12 'nation-states' but of two federations. It is the immediate destiny of these great territories – towards federal unity and independence *or* toward a semi-colonial subordination to France of each of their constituent 'nation-states' – which now presents De Gaulle with an acid test of his ability to govern without the men of violence who jerked him into power. Recent news suggests that he will fail the test; but the proof has yet to be seen.

Much will turn on this. It is not only that the peace and political future of some 25 million Africans are in the balance. It is even more, perhaps, that De Gaulle is now playing the last important card that France can ever play in the colonial world. If he gambles (as it seems he has) on being able to retain the substance of the *status quo* in Black Africa, he stands to lose more than prestige and power: he stands to lose a last magnificent opportunity of showing that France can after all make good the inner promise of her 'mission'.

For it is true that Frenchmen can rightly claim to have adapted themselves to the African demand for equality with a tolerance and foresight that are unique among the nations of Europe. Where else in Africa can such political parties be found – open to all races, joined by all races, with Europeans sitting as elected delegates (and even as elected ministers) along with Africans, and all this on the basis of 'one man one vote'? Where else – as André Blanchet, brilliant correspondent of *Le Monde,* reasonably asks in his newly published *Itinéraire des Partis Africains depuis Bamako* – are there such parties as the Rassemblement Démocratique Africaine or the Parti du Regroupement Africain, which span a lump of Africa far wider than western Europe, and organise their *sections* and collect their delegates (and their votes) from the forests of the Middle Congo to the savannahs of the north, from Brazzaville to Timbuktu, from Lake Chad to the Atlantic? Here, at last, African genius has shown itself capable not only of reaching back into its own medieval traditions but also of reaching forward beyond the narrow concepts of European racialism and nationalism; and for this French culture can claim no small share of the credit.

This great opportunity of inspiring a new symbiosis of European ideas and African ideas, and of replacing 'independence' by 'inter-dependence' in the full and honest sense of the term, the French now seem in process of throwing away. To see why this is so, a little casting back is necessary.

Over the past few years the pace of French concession to African aspirations in the 12 territories of this vast region has gone about as fast, if in widely different forms, as the pace of British concession to Ghana and Nigeria. The costly stupidity and short-sighted greed of French attitudes in Indo-China and North Africa have usually failed to make the running here; good sense and realist appreciations have often made the running instead.

True enough, there was a pretty severe repression in the Ivory Coast and one or two other territories in 1949-50; but it was brief and was not pursued – and was never on the scale of the massacres in Algeria in 1945 and in Madagascar in 1946. It was followed, if slowly, by a regrouping of the main political parties and movements in West and Equatorial; by a breaking of the most important of these, the RDA, from its parliamentary affiliation to the Communists in the French National Assembly; and by new pressures for administrative and constitutional reform.

In April 1957, fruit of a brief interlude of parliamentary sanity in Paris, these large and various territories were endowed with a *loi cadre,* a framework law, that was to operate in several successive phases. Each of these territories would receive considerable powers of political and economic self-government: beyond that, and vaguely open to interpretation in half a dozen different ways according to your interest or bias, there was talk of all these territories becoming 'equal but inter-dependent' members of a super-federation with France and other ex-colonies, including Madagascar.

It was good as far as it went: but, as many were quick to argue, it did not necessarily go very far. It was, in fact, a characteristic equivocation of the Fourth Republic – one of those many equivocations which at last pushed wide the gate to anti-parliamentary adventure; and it was well understood as such both in Paris and in Africa. Did it mean that France meant to balkanise these two great African federations; and promote in each of their territories a separate nation-state incapable (for the most part) of standing on its own feet, and driven to competing for French favour with its 11 rivals? Or did it mean that France really understood the needs of equality – and would go into a genuine partnership with two or three large ex-colonial federations? Was it a real concession, or simply another gambit along the 'divide-and-rule' line of thought?

African opinions differed. But the grand conference of the RDA at Bamako on the upper Niger last September – astonishing in its assembly of some 3,000 delegates and observers from all 12 territories and from all but two of their many parties – made it clear that the weight of opinion was suspicious of the future that France might intend for Africa. The Bamako conference came down firmly for rapid progress towards federal unification and federal sovereignty – making it clear, at the same time, that it wanted strong continuing links with France. And this opinion, be it noted, was not the extremism of a handful of visionaries and eccentrics: it rested on the solid ground of delegates and leaders who drew their mandate from recent parliamentary elections made by manhood suffrage. It was public opinion: public opinion in the fully democratic sense of the word.

On the eve of the Algerian *coup*, accordingly, the broad position stood thus. West Africa's eight territorial governments (and it was much the same in Equatorial) had sent representatives to a Grand Conseil at Dakar; and this Grand Conseil, with the energetic and experienced Gabriel d'Arboussier as its president, was acting increasingly as a federal parliament. Its powers were limited, since France held the purse-strings and commanded the police, controlled foreign affairs and organised defence; but they were much more than the shadow of independence. And then, confirming the sense of the Bamako conference, this federal assembly pushed ahead once again and proposed, a couple of weeks before the Algerian *coup*, the formation of a federal executive – in their intention, the federal government of a sovereign West Africa of tomorrow.

So that when De Gaulle took over, these powerful units were awaiting further concessions which should give them the substance of a full federal sovereignty, while retaining with France a number of strong, organic, and (the kernel of the matter) financial ties. They expected these concessions to be granted in the near future; and they were saying that by 1960 they would have a status comparable with that of the federal dominion of Nigeria. Otherwise, they were also saying, 'we shall cut the last ties of colonialism, and stand out on our own'.

That was the position: how has De Gaulle confronted it? To begin with, he has done nothing to recognise and accept the Grand Conseil's proposal for a federal executive at Dakar; and the balance of his ambiguous declarations on the subject has suggested that he means to kill this proposal if he can. Now come his constitutional proposals; and it is seen that the balance of *their* intention runs the same way, and has the effect of doing what the Bamako conference precisely opposed – to balkanise the federations by treating not with two (federal) concentrations of power but with 12 (territorial) concentrations of power.

His government has meanwhile transferred governors' powers in the 12 territories to the African vice-presidents concerned – and these latter now become 12 prime ministers, each with some autonomy of action but none with much. This plays into the hands of those minority sections of African opinion – powerful in the Ivory Coast, for example – who have always wanted the Ghana solution (the 'nation-state' solution, as it is seen from there) rather than the federal solution; and it has called forth from the majority, as might be expected, an immediate reaction of anger and opposition.

It has in fact done more than that. Last week's conference of the newly formed Parti du Regroupement Africain (uniting most of the political rivals of the RDA), together with its influential leader, Léopold Sédar-Senghor who no doubt had prior knowledge of what was coming, has called for the immediate independence of Black Africa; and for the formation of a 'Black African federation which could negotiate new ties with France on a basis of equality'. And it may be noted that its newly elected secretary, Djibo Bakary, is by no means the least forceful of French Africa's emergent leaders.

There is little sense in trying to predict what may happen next in this reeling kaleidoscope of action and inter-action. Yet one thing seems probable, and perhaps certain. Faced with this forthright demand by its principal rival – a demand that will be wildly popular among masses of people in Africa – the RDA can only reply by capping the bid. The demand for a federal executive will now be pushed home by every political means. The demand for federation with France not by twelve territories, but by two federations, will acquire new vigour and authority. By granting it, De Gaulle would give France a new dignity and prestige in the African world; but he would also cause his violent backers, in France and in Algeria, to cry treason. Will he dare? Can he dare?

There is much more in question, here, than a mere rearrangement of constitutional responsibility. Although they want a continuing link with France, and not only for capital investment, the leaders of French Africa are thinking on large and original lines. Only the other day d'Aboussier – by a nice accident a native of Djenne, greatest of the medieval cities of the old Sudan – was telling the United Press agency that within ten years, he thought, they and their colleagues in Nigeria and Ghana might be in a position to discuss the possibilities of federating the whole of West Africa. Already French West Africa was a federation of eight territories, and Nigeria would be a federation of three or more: why not build on these federal structures so as to solve the problems of integration which imperialist frontier-making had made otherwise insoluble? The medieval states of the Western Sudan had been large empires, and had prospered: but 'what they did by imperial conquest, we shall do by democratic persuasion'. It is a large and wide idea. Is it much too large and wide for the miserable political poverty of contemporary Europe?

Basil Davidson

London Diary

August nearly always beats the newspapers, however much they try to make it a 'silly season'. It is usually war or the edge of war; now it is the hopes of a Summit conference turned into mere propaganda. Worse still it is the facts about 'tests' and their after-effects (the Hiroshima bomb was dropped on 6 August 1945) being rubbed in by Mr McElroy, the US Defence Secretary. He has finally been forced to explode the hypocritical nonsense that western governments have talked about the so-called 'clean' bomb. For two years now government spokesmen have implied that only clean bombs are being maufactured, and that in the event of their use there would be virtually no radio-active fall-out. Last week, however, McElroy was pinned down by the Joint Atomic Energy Committee of Congress which for some time has been growing suspicious of Administration duplicity. Asked by Senator Russel a straight question: 'Do we or do we not stockpile dirty bombs?' McElroy was obliged to answer 'Yes'. Indeed, he had to go further and admit that the US is now deliberately withdrawing A-bombs from its stockpile in order to make them 'dirtier'. They are then known as 'salted'.

* * *

I have in front of me a fascinating correspondence between the Czechoslovak trade union organisation and Bertrand Russell. The Czech trade unions sent him an issue of their monthly illustrated magazine which includes an indictment of atomic warfare with photographs of its horrors in Japan and an appeal to trade unionists all over the world to end it. In the course of his reply to their questions about his work for nuclear disarmament, Bertrand Russell referred to the mining of uranium in Czech mines and wrote: 'You will observe that the movement I am supporting in Britain and America is prepared, if necessary, to take measures which, though some of them seem in my view mistaken, are those which might weaken the strength of the West. Would the opposition to nuclear weapons in your country go as far as this?' The trade unions reply after discussing his letter with the miners, that uranium ore is supplied to the Soviet Union 'on the basis of our trade relations as equal trade partners. The Soviet Union supplies us with isotopes which are widely used for medicine and industry, helps us in the construction of our first domestic power station, places at our disposal the results achieved by its nuclear research and trains our scientists in this field. The same benefit from our uranium ore is derived by the remaining Socialist countries, i.e., over one-third of the world's inhabitants'. They do not, however, reply to the question whether they are prepared to do anything to stop uranium also being used for making nuclear weapons.

* * *

Few English papers have bothered to comment on the fact that no non-white sportsman from South Africa or from the Central African Federation was allowed to take part in the Empire and Commonwealth Games. But an impressive body of athletes, including Derek Ibbotson, the world's fastest miler, Stanley Matthews, Maurice Tremlett, the Somerset captain (but not, oddly enough, the Rev. David Sheppard) have joined with social and political leaders to extend their protest beyond the Games. The Campaign Against Race Discrimination in Sport now intends to bring what pressure it can on the international ruling bodies of all sports to accept the Olympic principles of non-discrimination; in effect this would mean that affiliation would be refused to any segregationist sporting organisation. A lead on this has already been given by the International Table Tennis Federation which, two years ago, disaffiliated the White South African Table Tennis Union and recognised the non-racial South African Table Tennis Board in its place. Pressure would, of course, be more effective if, say, the Rugby Union and the MCC refused to play matches on any grounds from which coloured spectators were excluded or to meet teams which barred coloured players. When Yehudi Menuhin was threatened with a court injunction because he proposed to play to a coloured audience he retorted that he would see to it that no other artist visited South Africa. Nothing more was heard of the injunction. It is high time that British sporting bodies followed Menuhin's lead.

* * *

Returning from a bathe on a sunny day – there was such a day before one of the recent monsoons burst upon us – I found I had sat on a lump of soft, greasy, oozy, stinking tar. It had ruined a perfectly serviceable pair of trousers, blackened my shirt and gone through to my skin. I am told petrol may partly repair the damage to my trousers (if not to me), but so bad is it that it's probably better to buy a new pair. I can't sue the local authorities. They, poor things, face ruin if people can't sit on the beaches of England. Bad though that would be, it seems to me a small affair when I recall a few years ago watching a miserable sea-bird struggling to reach the shore only to die, I suppose, from starvation among the rocks. It seems that in spite of good Samaritans, bird hospitals and innumerable protests, thousands of birds, including whole flocks of ducks and splendid diving gannets, are murdered every year by this nauseating oiling-up. It is good to know that the convention for the Prevention of the Pollution of the Sea by Oil (drawn up in London in 1954) came into force in July of this year. But *The Times* tells me that it is not ratified by nations which control half the world's shipping tonnage. The backward nations include the United States, Italy, Greece, Japan and all the accommodation flags from Panama and Liberia upwards. Obviously, too, the convention will be only partially carried out even by the ships of the signing countries; many captains will not bother, and the supply of special harbour facilities for the disposal of dirty oil are still absurdly inadequate. Roll on the day of atomic power, say I – unless, of course, that will make the water radio-active?

* * *

In spite of gusts of rain and soaking grass it was good walking weather on the Downs during the Bank Holiday week-end. Yet there were very few hikers. I always expect the packs of marauders I read about from time to time in the press, the people who leave acres of dirty paper and tons of banana skins and cigarette cartons about the countryside. They exist, I know, but I seldom see them. I even hear of famous 'beauty spots' which used to be made hideous with noise and litter and which are once again peaceful and lovely. Some, I'm told, are quite near to London. I should like to think that this is proof of social advance; that, for instance, people were learning – even before the present Anti-litter Act which comes into force this week – to bury their litter. Not so, I fear; the reason is that with universal motor cars and swift, long-distance buses so easily available, people increasingly go to chosen advertised spots where they find thousands of other people who want to make whoopee with them. With increased air-services England in August may become almost deserted; what with better weather and good advertising, most of the holiday population will make the Mediterranean coast ugly and rich. A deplorable social comment, no doubt, but a beneficent development for people with quiet tastes. C. E. M. Joad used to call this process the 'drainage system' for saving the countryside. The main stream pours down recognised channels into prepared sewers, leaving the country lanes and hillsides to you and me.

* * *

The other day I heard myself laughing and singing down the road. Luckily I don't think any one else heard me; I've a sufficiently odd reputation already. Such was the effect of reading H. E. Bates's *The Darling Buds of May*, a best-seller which, I gather, has a similarly intoxicating effect on other usually staid characters. In its less ambitious way, it does very much what Priestley's *Good Companions* did thirty years ago. It conjures up the temporary illusion of Utopia, not a thousand years hence, but just round the corner, a world outside the office and the 8.15 business-man's train, one without conventions or problems or morals and with plenty of fun without work, a mythically revived Merrie England where there are always cakes and lots of ale. Add to this that the victim who is bewitched and won over to carefreeness and total immorality is an income-tax collector and you have the perfect formula for escape.

CRITIC

Progress

A new law is reported from East Germany applying to 'comedians, jugglers, vaudeville, revue, circus performers, singers, lion tamers, acrobats and ventriloquists. . . . The aim is to stamp out jokes against the government'.

Undialectical
Was the sad spectacle
Which you and I
Found so adorable,
Wildly encorable –
That old, deplorable
Custard Pie.

Jugglers delighted us –
Who, then, incited us
Through their hats?
Had we no Marxian,
Rally-in-the-parksian,
YCL-larksian
Acrobats?

Trainers in circusses,
Paupers in workusses
Went their ways;
Lions uncritical,
Still unpolitical
Weren't analytical
In those days.

Loud and grandiloquent
Now the ventriloquent
Dummy appears,
Mouthing each platitude
Aping an attitude,
Given no latitude,
Hiding its tears –
This new equality
Knows no frivolity,
Only a jollity
Fit for our ears.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Said 35-year-old Mrs Elsie Richards, of Melton Road, mother of two boys aged ten and six, and a four-year-old girl: 'I am no prude, but I don't think a figure of this kind should be carved in full view of the public, especially of children.

'I've told my children to keep away, but it seems to hold a special fascination for them.'

And Mrs Jane Brinter, of Institute Road, commented: 'Culture is all very well – at the proper time.

'But children should be protected from it until they are old enough to understand what it is all about.' – *Empire News*. (Peter Barrington.)

A father watched his seven-year-old daughter steal a toy knife, a doll's bottle and a bag of marbles in a shop. Later he told a policeman: 'She's spoiled. If I had taken them off her there would have been a scene.' – *Evening Standard*. (R. G. Foxley.)

Years ago I decided to keep a scrapbook of royalty. I have cut out every picture of royalty I have seen – in every mood, of all countries, and in every dress and place. Now I have so many pictures that I just don't know what to do with them, and I haven't the heart to put them in the dustbin. – Letter in *Daily Sketch*. (Peter Jones.)

In reference to the letter of Mrs Joan Snow, surely we can still obey the command to love one another and yet realise the necessity for the manufacture of the H-bomb! – Letter in *Eastbourne Gazette*. (Gordon Hoile.)

The Vice Burio

A NATURAL heretic with a nose for fallacies, I have none the less discovered a job for which I feel an absolute enthusiasm. It is ill-paid, unsmart, shared with another eccentric, and conducted from a vindictive rocking chair in a singularly scruffy office – locally known as 'the Advice'. Perhaps I like it because, here, Parkinson's Law doesn't work. When two people are consulted by anything up to 40 clients a day, without appointments, time has to be bludgeoned into fitting them – and still doesn't. Nor is there ever enough time in which to assimilate the extraordinary events of the day – or to worry because one has not been up to them. The district, still half slum, always throws up something unexpected: one man draws a stevedore's hook on another; an elderly couple are annoyed because their co-tenants keep a brothel (and chickens) upstairs; a woman looking curiously like a horse reports that one has bitten her.

But this small place – once charmingly addressed on a grubby envelope as the Vice Burio – does more than satisfy a relish for drama. It takes all one's intelligence, uses all one's experience – the nastier the better – and is an outlet for those hopelessly unfashionable aspirations, which most of us share, to do something positively and directly useful. For here the means are provided for removing quite cancerous anxieties – from many more minds than seems likely – and for pointing out pitfalls in any proposed line of action. In that sense, therefore, this is a strongly preventive service.

Its first virtue is that it does not impose itself. There is no knocking on doors without invitations; no pointless prying into private affairs; no giving of patronising pep-talks. Although people are often directed to us by, for example, the police or the Ministry of Labour, there is no compulsion to come. Most people do – and, surprisingly, more men than women – through personal recommendation. And what they get in the way of advice is an exposition of what they *can* do, never – in any moral sense – of what they should.

Equally important, this service is strictly non-political, as well as non-sectarian. On any other basis it would be impossible for Citizens' Advice Bureaux to serve all-comers without distinction or to act as impartial interpreters between the authorities and the people. Without it, their reports to government departments might well be suspect and lose their unpublicised usefulness. Their joint survey of the working of the Rent Act, for instance, was a remarkably objective document. And the fact that it was followed by the Minister's decision to grant some measure of protection to the 'October tenants' was, to say the least, significant.

Few people, I find, realise to what extent the bureaux are democratic institutions; fewer still know that most of them are dependent on local authority grants which would certainly be withdrawn if they were unable to prove efficiency; hardly anyone has the remotest idea of the kind of work which is undertaken by the more professional of them.

Since the service has the recognition of the Law Society, the translating and entering of legal forms, for people to whom these are terrifying gibberish, is part – and the least formidable part – of most days' work. A good slice of the rest is spent in conferring, knowledgeably and diplomatically, with solicitors, probation and Assistance Board officers, district surveyors, valuers, rating officers, hospital authorities and public health inspectors; in haggling with insurance companies in cases of industrial and road accidents; appealing to employers in cases of dismissal without pay or notice; remonstrating with suppliers of faulty goods; interceding with finance companies for people in hire-purchase trouble, and with landlords and housing authorities for people under notice to quit – and, generally, in defending human rights and civil liberties against a whole army of public and private aggressors.

In such a set-up the waffling amateur would clearly be lost, but has no need to exist. Apart from training, precise information is regularly supplied from headquarters; and each bureau with a large clientèle has the weekly or fortnightly services of at least one barrister or solicitor, who can also be reached by telephone.

This is an obvious and invaluable asset. But in the bureau in which I work, another free, but less well-known service is provided – for people who are mentally ill. If one can induce in them a flicker of confidence, nothing further may be needed. If it is, psychiatric advice is available, and private on-the-spot consultations can be arranged which often lead to treatment being voluntarily undertaken. What seems to me particularly interesting and important is that many cases of incipient mental illness, and of the tension and anxiety which could breed it, might never be detected, or not detected in time, if the bureaux were not used initially as information centres. For people who come to ask a factual question, perhaps on income tax or national insurance, often stay to talk about the distressing habits of a husband or wife, an incomprehensible child or parent, the inability to hold a job, an agonising lack of privacy, or one of the innumerable varieties of loneliness or square-peggishness.

Inevitably or not, one often fails them, and the failures are chastening and haunting. People who come to intelligent decisions change their minds, ex-prisoners drift back to prison. There are some regular customers on whose arrival one longs to be automatically lowered, like a cinema organist, through the floor. But always there is some kind of balance. A dustman of Victorian morals, whose 16-year-old daughter is pregnant by a married man, decides after all to let her darken his door simply because it has been put to him that the baby will be his grandchild; a boy who has confided dramatically that he means to go in for crime reconsiders this career because one has gently inquired whether he is sure he has enough talent.

On this side of the job one works largely in the dark, raging at one's limitations, discarding theories by the dozen, sure only of two things: that it is far more essential to be able, through one's own experiences, especially of sex and marriage, to transpose oneself into a variety of shoes, than to possess a blameless character and a degree in social science; that no problem exists in isolation and that nearly all, contrary to the belief and training of most social workers, involve civil rights. And it seems to me that social work can only become reputable, only lose its utterly damning label of do-gooding, when people in trouble are no longer seen as potential victims for tea and uplift, for class-conscious reproach, or – even more detestably – as 'specimens' and 'cases' – but as private individuals whose first need, under the Welfare State, is hard information about where they stand. Most of those who use the Vice Burio insist, significantly, in paying – in anything from cash to coughdrops – for just that. And they often ask each other where they'd be if they hadn't got a place like this to come to. That, too, is what I sometimes ask myself.

A. R. de Moraville

The Man Who Forgot His Place

Lord Hawke once said that he hoped he would never live to see the day when a professional cricketer would become captain of Yorkshire. His hope was fulfilled. Although it meant keeping some first-class professional out of the side, the Yorkshire committee persisted with amateur captains, sometimes scraping so far down the barrel that their nominee had to go in number ten and 'get lost' in the field. Even Sir Leonard Hutton, who was good enough for England, was not good enough for Yorkshire. This curious hangover from Lord Hawke, who was himself a curious hangover from a Victorian world, where the captain was the squire and professionals knew exactly their proper stations, probably has much to do with the current case of Wardle (J. H.).

Johnnie Wardle, though full of humour on the field, takes his cricket seriously and has a temper which can match the colour of his hair. He will show that temper to slip fielders who, after staying out late the night before, drop catches off his bowling the following morning. Further, he does not assume instinctively that other people who may have been better educated and certainly have fancier accents than he are superior to him. He judges by performance. If someone, whether he is chairman of the Yorkshire committee or captain of the team does his job well, Wardle respects him. If he does it indifferently, Wardle will tell him so, not necessarily in tactful terms. If his own performance is indifferent he expects to be told in his turn, but if it is good he expects, and will demand, the position and rights which seem his due. He is by no means putty; but an experienced captain, as both Brian Sellers and Peter May have found, can handle him easily; and even young Sutcliffe, who was not experienced, has said that, after one reprimand for going beyond even a Yorkshireman's normal limit of forthrightness, Wardle became 'as good as gold' under his captaincy.

Those who knew him well, however, realised that during the past six months or so, things have been simmering under that red top. When the Yorkshire committee accepted Billy Sutcliffe's resignation as captain, there were two possible successors in the team. One was Watson and the other Wardle. The committee ignored both and selected an amateur – Burnet, who had captained the second eleven efficiently for some years but who had no first-class experience. Watson thereupon accepted an offer to captain Leicester; but Wardle, despite his disappointment, stayed on with his own county, expecting, naturally enough, that he would be appointed Watson's successor as senior professional, a position to which he was entitled by age, length of service, experience and ability.

The committee, however, were not merely living in Lord Hawke's world of amateur captains. They were also living in Lord Hawke's world of senior professionals who 'knew their place'. So they told Wardle that they were considering a junior but more pliable professional for the place. Though Wardle dug his toes in and eventually got the job on sufferance, this sort of treatment bred a resentment which more amenable men than he would have had difficulty in concealing. After three somewhat uneasy months, the Yorkshire committee announced that they were dispensing altogether with his services.

Wardle has now blown his top in a series of *Daily Mail* articles which criticise his captain and some of his colleagues. No doubt this is the stupid action of a thoroughly exasperated man who, for the moment, is too angry to think of his future prospects – and, of course, the *Daily Mail* would not worry about the effect a series of articles might have on a cricketer provided the articles put up the circulation. But the fact that the articles may be in as bad taste as some of Denis Compton's memoirs, and the fact that, by writing them, Wardle has broken his contract with the Yorkshire committee, must not obscure the atmosphere and the background out of which all this trouble has boiled.

The world of the professional cricketer has changed beyond recognition in the past 40 years. It is not just that he no longer comes out by one gate while an amateur comes out through another, or that he no longer appears on the score card as Smith (T.) while an amateur appears as Mr T. Smith. Far more important is that professional cricketers have shared in the social and economic changes produced by two world wars and by intense political pressure. They are now well paid and well educated. They do not feel that God has been pleased to call them to any particular station in life or, indeed, that God automatically recognises such stations. They simply realise that the world their fathers once knew has changed, and they intend to live in it, without aggressiveness or subservience, in their own way. But this is not a world which the Yorkshire committee as a whole, and still less, its best-known member, Mr Herbert Sutcliffe, is willing to appreciate.

the things they say!

This is the Age of the Common Man, all right!

Maybe, but even today I doubt if the worker gets a proper stake in industry.

Things are changing, though.

Not that I've noticed.

Well, quite a number of concerns now have profit-sharing schemes, and some — like I.C.I.'s — also enable their employees to become stockholders.

Yes, but these schemes are only smokescreens. The bosses simply depress wages to find the money to pay for them.

That's where you're wrong. I.C.I. workers get the wages that have been negotiated on their behalf by seventeen Trade Unions. Any benefits they receive under the Company's profit-sharing scheme are over and above what they get in their pay envelopes.

Yes, but I.C.I. isn't Santa Claus. If the wages don't suffer, something else must — amenities or something.

Wrong again, friend. I.C.I.'s policy has led to a steady improvement in the service conditions of its employees, and the profit-sharing scheme is just another example. From now on, the employees are going forward with the stockholders as joint partners in their own efficient and expanding business.

ICI

J

Sutcliffe, a great England opening bat, had, even in his playing days, a highly developed sense of class. He held aloof from his fellow professionals and kept his eye on the top people whose manners, outlook and accent he carefully cultivated. In time he was able to stop playing the game in which he had done so well, and, having also done well for himself, move with veneered grandeur in the haunts of established business men. From these carefully acquired heights he now looks down on his late colleagues with the severity of Lord Hawke himself. The trouble with these fellows, he writes in a *Daily Express* article, is that they are getting too much money. He means that they are getting too much independence and no longer have to toe whatever lines their 'betters' lay down.

Most people would agree that cricketers, whether amateur or professional, should abide by certain rules. They should, for example, refrain from public criticisms of their captain or fellow players while they are playing and they should stick to the agreements made with their counties. Wardle has done neither of these things and will be condemned for his lapses. But his committee, too, has an obligation to abide by rules, and to bring those rules up to date. It must provide a captain who realises that some of his team will occasionally sulk or lose their tempers and who knows how to handle them when they do. It must make clear that the captain will be selected because he is the best man for the job and not merely because he is the best available amateur; and it must realise that professional cricketers today are not a class apart, to be treated condescendingly and, if they behave themselves, affectionately, like children. If the present committee cannot or will not abide by these rules, the rest of Yorkshire had better get itself a new committee or else resign itself to having no cricket team.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

The End of a Feud

Our early years, spent in a small and uncomfortable house on the outskirts of Düsseldorf, were mainly remarkable for our father's feud with his brother Franz. It coloured our entire childhood.

There, on one side of us, lay our uncle's smooth lawns and rosebeds and his large, white Pfarrhaus, and over those lawns and around those roses would walk the large, smooth, well-brushed person of Uncle Franz. On our side there was a confusion of shrubbery, the squat house needing paint and, expressive of it all, the unbrushed, stooping figure of our father.

We were not sure how they had even come to live so near to one another, or why or when their disagreement had begun, but it seemed to us to have existed from the beginning of time. And it would have been difficult to live with our father and not know its cause. It was about God. Uncle Franz was a popular preacher, our father a dentist. (His plate "Heinrich Ernst, Zahnarzt" hung crookedly at the front gate, half-engulfed by vines.) Their dispute was due to the fact that there was not one God indivisible, but two: Uncle Franz's God—and the God of our father.

"Your uncle's god is, of course, a delightful person," our father said—and his way of speaking reduced the capital G to something less—"otherwise he would hardly put up with Franz as a preacher. But," he added, adapting Schiller, "*Brüder*!" addressing Harry and me, "*Uber'm Sternenzelt, Wird ein* Grösserer *Gott belohnen*. Now the true Lord of High Heaven" . . . And he would expose his belief in what he sometimes called the Weltseele, and it would never occur to him that Harry and I did not understand a word of what he said but were exhilerated by his flow of language and by this adult treatment. When he spoke of the Weltseele we felt possessed by an agreeable *frisson*.

When our father wandered about his garden it sometimes happened that Uncle Franz strolled out among his roses, wearing a Panama hat and white jacket, casting an uneasy eye over at his brother surrounded by his wilderness. He had his sermon to consider and yet—should he not attempt once again to enlighten the unfortunate Heinrich?

"Well, Franz," our father would say, "how are your roses doing this year?"

That was his method. He led his brother into apparently innocent conversation and soon embroiled him in theological polemic. Little by little Uncle Franz lost his air of well-bred calm; and, though he never shouted as our father did, yet at the end of their discussion he was less cool, less well-brushed, little beads of perspiration stood out on his nose as he protested: "Consider, Heinrich."

Here he had no pulpit to protect him, and it upset him considerably that his brother Heinrich, who knew (he felt sure) far more of theology than of dentistry, should turn all his well-meaning phrases to ridicule, hurtling at him like thunderbolts quotations from Schweitzer and Barth. It seemed unfair that a mere dentist should be able to present his spirit of the universe with so much force and conviction.

When our father's voice became too loud, when he could be heard to say: "You will never convert anyone to your little deity (*Fratze*, he termed it) my dear Franz," Aunt Ilse would appear on the terrace above her husband's white-hatted head, elegant, exquisitely disdainful; and our mother would emerge from the kitchen door, wearing a cotton dress, her hairpins tinkling about her, leaving her hair to fall loose. Aunt Ilse would call: "Franz! A visitor!" Our mother: "Heinrich! A patient!" It was like the movement of a ballet. They had no part in the brothers' difference of opinion—it only served to deepen their natural antipathy for one another.

It was when we went to our uncle's church that we felt the feud at its most real, sweeping and surging around us, enlivening even the dullness of our uncle's sermon. Our father, on these rare visits to church, came not to worship, but to survey his brother with an ironic eye. And as the tall, black-gowned figure of Uncle Franz rose up into the pulpit, it must have been disconcerting for him to know that the mockery of the unbeliever was so near at hand as he began: "Dearly beloved brethren—*Geliebte im Herrn* . . ."

He preached of brotherly love with particular unction and emphasis, and sometimes turned beseeching looks on his brother. When he prayed, folding his white hands on the Bible and leaning forward with an air almost of apology that the word sinner had to pass his lips, Harry and I looked along at our father and there he was, with his eyes wide open and a broad grin on his face.

When the service was over, Uncle Franz stood at the church door, bidding farewell to his congregation. Our father shook his hand and would say: "A very inspiring sermon!" Or, "Your words have touched our hearts!" And, as his brother watched him uneasily, he would pass on down the steps into the churchyard, his grin broader than ever.

For months there would be no contact between the brothers, and then, once again, the dispute would break out, for they were, each in his own way, desperately in earnest. "God will not be mocked," said Uncle Franz one day, turning away from his brother after a long controversy. Then, as he looked back at him standing there in the autumn sunshine, in the midst of the flying down of the willow herb that spread in a pink cloud all over our garden, he burst out in sudden exasperation: "Heinrich! Would it not be possible to clear away that weed? It blows all over my roses. We might as well live next door to a railway siding!"

Father leaned over the hedge so that he almost shouted into his brother's ear. "Ah ha, Franz! What of Reverence for Life! What of the right of the wind to blow where it lists and of the seed to alight where it wills! Even in this grain of willow herb lurks a sermon." And he pulled handfuls of the downy white seeds and tossed them in the air.

Aunt Ilse was sitting on the terrace above with a tall, fair, young man. She called down to Uncle Franz in her most bored voice: "Come, Franz. Must you always become involved with this *arracheur de dents*? Come and tell Michael about your roses." Father looked up at his sister-in-law and at the young man. He waved his tattered corduroy cap to her with a gallant gesture and bowed low. "*Chère belle-sœur*," he shouted, "*le vieil arracheur de dents vous salue et vous rend votre mari.*" Aunt Ilse coloured and turned away. We had never before seen her discomfited and felt that our father was indomitable.

Some weeks after this came the amazing news. It was obvious at one glance at the garden of the rectory that something unusual was afoot, for the Reverend Franz, instead of making his usual slow tour of the rose garden, was seen pacing about in agitation, his jacket unbuttoned, his moustache uncombed, rather as Hamlet appeared to Ophelia—"ungartered, pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other. . . ."

"Perhaps," said our father, "you are having trouble with your sermon. Never attempt to compose it, Fränzchen, until quite full of the Holy Ghost."

"Heinrich," said Franz with trembling lips, coming as close as the dividing hedge would allow and whispering at him. "This is no moment for levity. Ilse has gone."

"Nothing," said father, "would surprise me about Ilse. Where has she gone?"

Uncle Franz groaned. "Listen, Heinrich! She has left me for somebody else. She has gone off with her cousin Michael. *Es ist alles aus mit mir!*' His large eyes filled with tears that trickled down his pale cheeks and lay cupped moistly in his moustache.

Something strange happened then to our father: all the flamboyancy went out of his shabbiness, his grin faded. He stood quite silent, offering neither consolation nor mockery, and Franz stood on his side of the hedge, with a background of roses, the tears openly rolling down his face. There was something almost alarming about them as though they represented the end of a belief.

To mother our father said: "I am going to see Franz. It seems that Ilse has gone off with her cousin." He gave a sudden roar of anger as he remembered Ilse and the fair young man. "*Blutschande!* That is what it is," he said. And he was off.

Harry and I stared. "Incest!" said Harry. "Look in the dictionary."

"No. Look in Shakespeare. Look in Hamlet." And we read: "O most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets"; but were little clearer as to our aunt's offence.

"You needn't look up dictionaries," said our mother calmly, with the same calm she had when she sometimes said to us: "I wonder what your father speaks about to his patients," when yet another patient failed to return, due to her husband's oddness. "Your father," she went on, "is inclined to dramatise things. If you *are* going to run away, it is quite proper to run with your cousin."

Then she was silent and we sat, waiting, all three of us seeing at that moment the same images —the impeccable Ilse, surveying the uncouthness of our property and of our persons with derision, and the immaculate Franz, with his mannerly sermons, his roses and his pleasant Godhead. We imagined the roses withering and the Godhead consumed to ashes for want of efficacy. And when our father returned at last, very late, he stood looking round at us for some time before he spoke.

"It is a funny thing," he said slowly. "All those years of Franz trying to save my soul, and now, look what happens! Here is the poor fellow depending on *me* to save *his!* I feel rather at a loose end," he said. "No more polemics!" And he sighed. For us, Heaven now contained one God only.

W. N. Orr

The Arts and Entertainment

Italians and Modigliani

In Italy Modigliani is not much appreciated as a painter. And this despite the fact that he was an Italian, born in Leghorn, spent the first 20 years of his short life in Italy before going to Paris and was always profoundly influenced by what he had seen in Italian museums – the Siennese school, Lorenzetti, Botticelli.

At first it seems surprising. Today the girls sunbathing on the beach at Ostia look like Modiglianis come alive – they might look even more so if the Vatican had not forbidden them to wear bikinis. Modigliani was one of the first artists to paint the twentieth-century figure, and his models, in fact from the poorer quarters of Montparnasse, still have something voguish about them. At the same time his vision was clearly personal and poetic. Claude Roy in his new book on the artist quotes Dante.* He could also have quoted a ninth-century poem on the Sirigi rock paintings which superficially resemble Modigliani's work to a remarkable degree –

> The girl with golden skin
> Enticed the mind and eyes.
> Her lovely breasts
> Caused me to recall
> Swans drunk with nectar.
>
> Who is not happy when he sees
> Those rosy palms, rounded shoulders,
> Gold necklaces, copper-hued lips
> And long, long eyes?
>
> When you come to mind the heart aches,
> The blood boils and I cry aloud
> Your waist makes me bound to you in my heart.

How is it then that the Italians – whose own romanticism can also be so similar to this poet's – how is it that they do not appreciate Modigliani as we do? One might explain it partly by the fact that Modigliani belonged to the generation of intellectuals who were disciples of the now discredited d'Annunzio. But I believe that the real reason is more profound and can in fact also help us to understand why Claude Roy exaggerates considerably when he claims that we should esteem Modigliani's work 'at the highest level, that of the Masters'.

Let me illustrate what I'm getting at by the simplest story. A few years ago the Italian painter with whom I'm now staying was in London. We got on a bus together. Opposite us sat an absurdly over-dressed and stiff lady from the country, up for the day to shop in Bond Street. After a few moments my friend got up and insisted upon going upstairs. I asked for an explanation. 'Horrible,' he said, 'horrible. She made me shiver. Such women eat broom handles'.

The point is that Italians look at women as we look at what we call Nature – at, say, the weather or a landscape. Their sexual awareness is, on one level at least, an open, admiring, public affair, and without any kind of connivance. This has, of course, been pointed out before, but it is highly relevant to the painting of women in general and nudes in particular. (Modigliani did paint a number of male portraits but at heart he was exclusively a painter of women). Compare a Correggio with a Cranach – I take a second-rate painter like Correggio to make the comparison fairer. In the Correggio the golden light caresses the forms almost out of existence; his figures are like the statues of saints in churches that have been worn away by being touched too often by too many hands. But in the Cranach what deforms is a sense of individual sin and secrecy; the solitary figure is awkwardly brazen as only the prim, when pushed for the first time beyond a certain point, can be. The distinction is even more marked when one looks at an Italian masterpiece, at, for instance, the Titian Diana in the newly opened Capodimonte Museum in Naples.

This is an extraordinary painting. The goddess lies there waiting for the god – one foot like a hand palm up. Her pose is as universal as the fact that the sun climbs the sky in the morning. And she seems as large as the sky. You do not peep. You survey. Yet this openness and universality (so that even in present-day Naples the luxury of her couch does not seem shocking) is not a question of magical inspiration. Given the artist's freedom from puritanism, it is a question of the most exact science and talent: a question of striking exactly the right balance between idealisation (that is to say generalisation derived from pleasure) and particularisation. Like all great painting it is, in a way, artificial. The curtain across the top left-hand corner is placed there deliberately to prevent the scene protruding into the room, or your having the sense that you can put your hand into the canvas – she is a goddess because she is made of paint; just as the straight line formed by the top of her pillow and the base of the column behind is there to prevent the painting having too much distracting space of its own. And the same with the woman herself. The curve of the line on which she lies from her elbow to her far toe is as man-made as the curve of the base of a rocking chair. But against this line her real body moves constantly, softening it in one place, emphasising it in another. She is like water in an aqueduct, the aqueduct being the generalisation and the water inevitably obeying the laws of nature.

In front of such a painting it becomes easy to understand why so much Northern painting is

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* *Modigliani.* By Claude Roy. *Zwemmer: Skira.* 45s.

rather disparagingly called *'intimista'* by Italians. And it is also easier to understand how it was that Modigliani failed: he tried to idealise the intimate, which is impossible.

Claude Roy re-tells the story of Modigliani's tragic, violent and poverty stricken life with great tact and sympathy. He stresses the fact that his life developed in the opposite direction to his art: the more desperate his situation, the more sensitive and calm his art. But in countering the romantic idea that the artist's life and art are the same thing, he underestimates, I think, the importance of Modigliani's Don Juan-like loneliness: It was this that surely led him to pursue – as hopelessly in life as in art – through intimacy after intimacy an ideal woman. He was far too romantic to follow either Degas or the Cubists who both in different ways discovered drama through objectivity, whilst at the same time his ideal instead of being open, public and balanced – as Titian's or Léger's – was personal, intimate and obsessive. He painted neither goddesses nor women. His figures are like musical instruments, sensitive, beautifully made, the colour of violins – but wooden because constructed only for his fingers to play a lament upon. More often than not their eyes appear, quite literally, blind. He could not tolerate that they had a life and desires of their own; they must represent only his own insatiable longing. Which is perhaps why his paintings are most appreciated where puritanism remains strongest.

John Berger

Cinema at Carlsbad

The small Czech spa town of Karlovy Vary (*née* Carlsbad) was once a meeting place for the crowned heads of Europe; now it is regularly invaded once a year by a horde of film directors, stars and journalists attending the official Czech film festival.

This year's event (the eleventh such festival) seemed even more crowded than usual and the most diligent critic could not hope to see all the films shown. But behind the usual Festival façade of cocktails and receptions, Karlovy Vary stands for a definite social purpose. Its slogan is 'Peace and understanding between nations': here, at any rate, they are not considered dirty words and the forty nations represented achieved an amity which would have put most international conferences to shame. There were, of course, a few minor, off-screen, political controversies; and a series of open forums with Zavattini, de Santis, Paul Strand and many East European delegates debated aesthetic and political problems affecting cinema today – unresolved problems, perhaps, but at least here were the East and the West meeting at first-hand.

Very few American films have been seen in Czechoslovakia since 1948; consequently, a series of out-of-festival screenings arranged by an independent American distributor, ranging from *Joan of Arc* to *The Pajama Game* and *Oklahoma!* drew packed houses. ('We do not always agree with these films, but they do make a change,' remarked a Czech journalist.) This festival seeks to encourage young industries not usually represented at other events – this year, for instance, Korea, Mongolia and several South American states presented works full of idealism and patriotic fervour. Most of them lacked real personality and the technique was sometimes crude and didactic, but a beginning has undoubtedly been made. A new kind of cinema is emerging all over the world and these tentative efforts may well produce new talents and fresh ideas. Unfortunately, a large number of the official European and Asian entries were noticeably lacking in any kind of freshness or individuality and it was left to the Hungarian, Polish and Czech industries to provide the major revelations, mostly in out-of-competition screenings.

This year marks the sixtieth anniversary of the Czech cinema and is being celebrated by an exhibition in Prague and commercial revivals of several pre-war successes (including *Extase*). Since the war, the Czechs have achieved considerable fame with the puppet and trick films of Jiri Trnka and Karel Zeman (the latter's *Invention of Destruction* – after Jules Verne – repeated its Brussels success at Karlovy Vary). Now, like the Poles, Czech directors are making sharp, attacking films such as *September Nights*, a taut, documentary-style drama about intrigue and corruption in the Army. A period piece, *The Forty Four*, reconstructed the revolt of a Slovak unit in 1918 with force and passion.

The general standard of Hungarian cinema before and after the 1956 revolution is extraordinarily high and it was interesting to see how the events of the last two years are continually reflected in the sad, melancholy mood of these pictures, despite the fact that many are set in the past. Zoltan Varkonyi's *Pillar of Salt* concerns an elderly, 'uncommitted' doctor who undergoes a crisis of conscience when confronted with the ideological demands of the State. A gripping exposition, followed by a not entirely convincing conversion. Outstanding in this group, with its pure lyrical feeling for the land, Felix Mariassy's *The Smugglers* draws a vivid portrait of a peasant hero driven by poverty into smuggling goods across the Hungarian-Rumanian frontier. The equivocal ending, with the smuggler and his girl fleeing from the police as a lark flies freely overhead, has its own strange, terse beauty. The climax of Ranody's *Danse Macabre* – a war-time grenade explodes in a Budapest tenement building killing a group of children – also has a symbolic ring; Ranody's interlinking of the lives of his tenement people, though not without some script contrivances, reveals a warm, sensitive personality and an assured technical mastery.

I missed the official Polish entry (a coloured fantasy by Wanda Jacubowska) but I did see *Eva Wants to Sleep*, a wild and furious comedy with surrealist and anarchist overtones; this, together with a programme of experimental shorts, amply confirmed Poland's position in world cinema. One of the most startling was the ironically titled *Life is Beautiful*, which uses newsreels and stock shots to make a bitter comment on the follies of our time and ends with a monkey laying a wreath on the grave of *homo sapiens*. (This kind of critical protest, especially when directed at local conditions, can sometimes arouse official opposition: consequently, Aleksander Ford's Polish-German co-production *The Eighth Day of the Week* has not yet been seen.)

By contrast, the Russian entries seemed more conformist in tone. Gerassimov's *Quiet Flows the Don* (which won the Grand Prix together with a Japanese film) is a massive, six-hour adaptation of Sholokhov's novel, very solid and craftsmanlike, but without the poetic intensity demanded of the subject. The third part shown at this festival had fine colour, some good playing and a final tableau which suddenly flashes into life. A second Soviet film, *Ilya Muromets*, a huge CinemaScope spectacle, outshone Hollywood in the sheer breadth of its battle scenes. Full of brilliant trick effects, magical transformations and even a three-headed dragon, this was corn of the highest order.

Finally, a word of praise for the Festival newsreels produced by the Czech documentary unit. Packed with inventive, semi-slapstick gags, they reflected the genial mood of the Festival and confirmed that the Czechs' sense of the absurd is very much like our own.

John Gillett

Island Prejudice

The handling of the Cyprus situation in television and radio news bulletins confirms my recent impression of a general pro-Government bias in the reporting of the Middle East crisis. One recent example: the killing of a British sergeant while he was walking with his two-year-old son. We were told about this again and again, in successive bulletins (the child's age going up to 2½ as the evening wore on); and the newscasters repeatedly used their special emotive voice to say that the incident had sent a 'wave of anger' through British troops in Cyprus.

This could perhaps be defended as objective reporting. The man had indeed been killed – the latest in the tragic roll of victims of the Government's Cyprus policy. No doubt it was also true that the troops were angry about it: that is the invariable and natural reaction to such a killing. But there is surely some subjectivity in the reporting of a 'wave of anger'; and, whatever the motive was for including this detail in the bulletins, the result of doing so can only have been to inflame anti-Cypriot sentiment, and therefore to increase support for a 'tough' Government line, among the unthinking or ill-informed here in Britain.

Moreover, during the long-drawn-out agony of Cyprus a number of Greek Cypriots, some of them very young, have been killed by British soldiers or the civil power, or by terrorists be-

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longing to the Turkish minority whose existence has been so useful to the British Government. I do not remember ever hearing in a BBC bulletin – and the BBC, controlling radio as well as TV, has more opportunities than ITV of exposing itself to criticism in this respect – that the killing of a Greek youth had sent a 'wave of anger' through the Greek-Cypriot community. At the most, if the youth had been executed, we might have been told, in formal and rather scornful tones, with heavy pauses for the ironical inverted commas, that there had been '"spontaneous" demonstrations', which had been 'quickly dispersed'. Nor, last Monday, when the news of the latest EOKA truce became known, was there any report of a 'wave of relief' – which may well, after all, have been felt by quite a few Cypriot and British civilians.

These impressions of bias are confirmed by a columnist in the *Times of Cyprus* who has lately been visiting England and alleges that the facts about Cyprus are 'twisted' by the BBC. He records a conversation with a British listener who said to him: 'It's the Greeks who're to blame, isn't it? I heard on the news that more Turks than Greeks were killed'. He adds: 'Later I heard the same news broadcast and found that the figures had been selected for an apparently arbitrary number of days in which it was quite true that two more Turks than Greeks had been killed. That 20 more Greeks than Turks had been killed over the total period of the recent troubles was, of course, unmentioned. People were left to think of communal war, with the Greeks as aggressors'.

This writer quotes another recent instance, from a BBC TV bulletin: the newscaster said that two Turkish Cypriots had been killed at such and such a place, and that 'five other people' had been killed in other parts of Cyprus – but he omitted to say whether the five others were Turks or, as some of them probably were, Greeks.

The most familiar example of British official discrimination against the majority of the Cypriot people is, of course, the continued jamming of Athens radio, while Ankara remains unjammed. I am told – and the Colonial Office can neither confirm nor deny this – that the jamming of Athens was not lifted even for the Greek Prime Minister's broadcast appealing for an end to violence.

* * *

There were several enjoyable respites from the orgy of sport and third-rate light entertainment which made up most of the Bank Holiday weekend programmes. Some of the most beautiful photography ever seen on television was in the last of the BBC's *Armchair Voyage* series, in which Sir Mortimer Wheeler shepherded us on an Hellenic cruise. No mention of Cyprus here, but a magnificent plug for the Hellenic Travellers' Club: the travel-agency which runs it need certainly not bother to buy time on ITV. That isn't the point, however: the series was justified by its intrinsic interest – Sir Mortimer himself (now and then a little too high-flown), the general atmosphere of painless culture (with an Irish professor chanting the Odyssey as he believes Homer chanted it), above all the places and the people themselves. Good as the incidental music was, I should have liked less of it: the natural sounds of the journey – the lapping of the waves, the country dances, the plaintive cry of a Lesbian ploughman – would have been more effective in contrast to silence and the unaccompanied spoken voice.

I join fully in the protest against excessive imports of American canned programmes for British TV, but I would rather see *Gun Law* or *Highway Patrol* any night than sit through such a native offering as *Death Hangs on a Word*, a play of the utmost pretentiousness and unreality in which a young man was trapped all night on a cliff ledge, waiting for rescue, while a policeman in a boat below tried to keep him happy. The production was unconvincing: the cliff looked as if made of cardboard, the solid ground sounded, as usual, like the wooden floor that it was, the policeman and the youth seemed to be only a few yards apart. The moment at which, together and in earnest, they sang 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' was the most embarrassing moment I have experienced since, on my first Sunday at School, I had to stand on a table and sing 'The Bay of Biscay' before the whole House; unfortunately, viewers cannot throw books at a TV production. It was shocking to see that fine actor, Duncan Macrae, as the policeman. As the youth, John Charlesworth did his promising best, but lost control of his accent, which veered from north-country to (most of the time) Espresso-sensitive. A similar uncertainty of accent did not spoil *The Royal Family of Broadway*, because play and production moved so fast and were so entertaining, except for the sloppy bits.

TOM DRIBERG

Not So Shocking

A WAVE of horror films, we've been warned, is on the way; *The Fly* opens this new campaign to give cinema-goers 'something they wouldn't get on TV'. Other and more dire threats lurk in the background; such as that, for example, since older people sit at home and younger people go out, the appeal of films should be made more consistently and crudely adolescent. How far these abasements of a declining market will actually go remains to be seen, or (let's hope) not seen. Meanwhile *The Fly*, after sweeping America, comes to the Rialto.

One may wonder what all the fuss has been about, from any point of view. The film belongs to that order which mixes the shocker with science fiction: within three minutes a giant hydraulic press is in action and a man has been bloodily squeezed to death. But is it a man? There is a strange buzzing in the air as bit by bit the loving wife who has confessed to killing her husband lets out her strange story. He had been one of those wizards of electronics, and behind the heavy clamped door leading off the hall heady experiments had been taking place. A machine that lights up like Broadway at night could now reduce objects to atoms and transmit them through space; thus as in a conjuring trick a saucer, placed in one glass cabinet, with a wail and a blaze is duly transported to another. But the stamp on the back has come out distorted. Then the cat makes the trip – and vanishes, its miaow of protest slightly outliving it. Then of course the man can't resist getting into the cabinet himself. The next time his wife is admitted he has a black cloth over his head, one hand is a claw which he keeps in his pocket, and he can't speak. And there's more of that insistent buzz in the air. A fly, it seems, had got into the cabinet with him, and they had come out mixed. Somewhere a white-headed fly must be loose.

The film tries to get its tension by keeping these facts from us as long as possible while the wife is suspected of murder and of being insane. The effect I found only mildly disturbing; it would have been far more chilling if we had had nothing but the fly buzz and the wife had imagined the whole thing! In fact as science fiction it is bosh, and except for the mutilation at the beginning it doesn't shock. I won't give away its later developments except to say that when the fly gets caught in a spider's web, and squeaks 'Help! Help!' the latent humour of the situation breaks through. After all, we aren't quite new to insect misadventures; in the past we have been really scared by giant ants and a man living in a match-box, who sallied forth to do battle with a spider.

My pleasure this week has come rather from two booklets published by the Britsh Film Institute: *René Clair* by Catherine de la Roche and *Max Ophuls* by Richard Roud. Each, described as an Index, is a concise, critical record, has half-a-dozen stills, runs to some fifty pages, and costs 3s. 6d. Here are not only films made but projected. Clair has, of course, fewer surprises than Ophuls; but how many know of his fifteen-minute Eiffel Tower film (1928) 'composed like a piece of music' or that full-length film about a children's summer camp, abandoned with the outbreak of war? To read about *Quatorze Juillet* is to wish to see it again. The longing is no less sharp with the best of Ophuls, but he has terrible corners – for example, *Yoshiwara* (1937), the tale of a Russian naval officer, a high-born geisha girl, and a rickshaw coolie, described as 'quite simply, grotesque'. But *Liebelei* and *Letter to an Unknown Woman* will always haunt the cinemas with their delicate sadness, and it may be that, when it emerges from the bankruptcy court in something like its original form, *Lola Montès* will take its place as his masterpiece. Both Indexes serve admirably their double purpose of reference and evocation. May we hope for more of this indispensable series, and soon?

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Correspondence

COMMUNISTS AND THE ETU

Sir, – Earlier this year, you published articles and letters discussing the role of Communists in the Electrical Trades Union. As chairman of the ETU Finchley branch for five years, and as a Communist for nine years, I would like to make some further observations on this subject.

On 20 July, I was expelled from the Communist Party for 'political activity incompatible with party membership'. It is true, as I conceded in a written statement to the London District Committee, that I disapproved of the Soviet intervention in Hungary and of 'the crimes exposed throughout the Communist-controlled countries.' But my views on these subjects were known and I had frankly discussed them with party officials. This disagreement was not the reason for my expulsion. As I pointed out at length in my written statement, my 'hostility to the party' was to the party leadership within the ETU, which, to my knowledge, had persistently rigged elections to union office.

It is now four years since I first raised this issue within the union. I have raised it at all levels in the Communist Party, and at a personal interview with Peter Kerrigan, the National Organiser, as much as three years ago. Nor have mine been solitary efforts. At least two executive councillors of the union—both of them Communists—have expressed complete disagreement with such practices, one before the London District Secretariat of the party and the other at a meeting with Harry Pollitt himself, called for that very purpose. Criticisms of this kind are met either with disbelief, or, if the evidence is found irrefutable, with the argument that the anti-Communists fiddle union votes on a bigger scale.

How the controlling CP group rigs elections may be illustrated by a consideration of the votes cast by the various union branches in the March elections for a London area official. Following the recent inquiry into voting procedure held ostensibly to prevent irregularities in elections, the *opposition* vote in certain branches decreased significantly. But in a number of branches where the CP is in control (and where, therefore, there is no danger of an inquiry) the vote actually increased, despite a lower membership entitled to vote. Furthermore, one is asked to believe that over 60 per cent. of the members in these branches posted their vote, whereas previously never more than 10 per cent. of the members did so. The reason for this, of course, is that under the new rules only posted votes can be given to the scrutineers by branch secretaries. Thus in one branch in which approximately 250 members were entitled to vote 179 votes were cast, 159 of which the secretary gave to the scrutineers as posted votes. In another branch in which 200 members were entitled to vote 131 out of 137 votes were again posted votes.

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JOHN CALDER

The Communist Party maintains its control of the union through fractions called 'advisory committees' at the national and local level. At the last advisory committee I attended, in February 1958, the only topic of discussion was how to defeat our ex-comrade Cannon in the pending March election. We were directed to make contacts in each branch that had nominated Cannon and to undermine him principally by describing him as 'the candidate of the capitalist press'. I challenged that allegation. No evidence was produced then or since then to support it.

In December 1957 there was a press campaign concerning the result of the Cannon-Fraser election in Division 9 of the union for an executive councillor which had taken place in September. The Communist Party spared no efforts on behalf of its candidate Fraser. The whole union machine was placed at his disposal; there was unprecedented activity around the branches by union officials; by smear and defamation the Communist machine raised the atmosphere to fever pitch. Nothing for example, of the December press campaign could explain a Communist union official's statement in a branch in Division 9 during a discussion on its nomination which linked Cannon to the Economic League! For this statement was made six months prior to the press campaign.

It was this activity, plus the inquiry by the General Secretary after the election and the delay in announcing the result, that led to the press maintaining in December that branches were being disenfranchised in order that the Communist candidate Fraser might be declared elected. In due course the union leadership announced that Fraser had won the election and that a number of branches had been disenfranchised, but that if the votes of all the disenfranchised branches *mentioned in the press* had been counted the result would not have been affected. No figures were given. In February 1958 the voting was announced in the executive minutes, together with a list of disenfranchised branches whose votes were not given. It then appeared, however, that an extra branch *not mentioned in the press* had been disenfranchised. When the General Secretary was asked what the voting was in this branch he eventually replied that he did not know and that it was not his business to know the vote of disenfranchised branches!

Finally, however, it was announced by the union leadership that there was, in any case, a right of appeal by the branches into its rulings. I know of at least 30 branches which appealed against the minute which dealt with the disenfranchised branches and the scrutineers' report. The General Secretary calmly decided that *this* minute could not be appealed against and the matter did not even go before the elected executive committee of the union. It was possible to appeal on only one minute – that dealing with the general secretary's inquiry into the election. Appeals against this minute were at first permitted and according to procedure the General Secretary, the President, and other national officers of the union went to the appealing branches and stated the executive's view. Two branches persisted in voting for their appeal, however, and procedure required that their appeal should now be published: if 10 per cent. of the branches agreed with it a national conference or ballot would be held to settle the matter. But the appeal was never published. Instead a solicitor's opinion was sent to the appealing branches stating that their appeal was not legally in order. And there the matter rests.

The Communist Party has gone to great lengths to obtain the executive position in Division 9 for its candidate Fraser. The ultimate significance of these efforts can only be appreciated, however, if it is known that Fraser is secretary of the national advisory committee of the Communist Party, i.e., of the leading body of Communists in the ETU, and furthermore is the party's intended candidate for the office of General President whenever it falls vacant. Despite the rule that executive councillors of the union are working men (not paid officials) Fraser has not worked at his trade for four years but has been employed in one capacity or another by the union. Thus he has been a union official in Middlesbrough, Coventry, Leicester, Southampton and London. It is evident that the party intends that its candidate for the office of General President will be well known to the members!

To conclude, I must explain why I find it necessary to bring my views to public notice. The first is that I learn from Communist Party contacts that the CP group is planning disciplinary action against Les Cannon. Secondly, my branch has requested a visit to discuss the question of elections with its executive councillor. The General Secretary has refused our request and wishes to send us a union official. In desperation we sent a deputation to our executive councillor; we discovered that on most of the issues which we had referred to the executive council's attention he had either no information or was misinformed. The Communists win elections; it is up to the members to win the fight for union democracy.

Mark Young

13 Uplands Road
London, N8

THE BISHOPS AND THE BOMB

Sir, – The views of the Archbishop on nuclear possibilities should not be allowed to pass without further comment; for ultimately only Christianity is potentially powerful enough to have done with this evil thing, and when one of its chief spokesmen utters (one hopes) unthinking heresy on his religion, the case is serious. Moreover, you have since printed Edita Morris's article on the aftermath of the use of nuclear arms in war; a fearful comment on the evils of the West, which Mr Dulles might remember when he is in full spate on the iniquities of Communism.

May I repeat Dr Fisher's statement in Philip Toynbee's book – 'For all I know it is within the providence of God that the human race should destroy itself in (nuclear war)'. This is most shocking from a man whose God is found in Christ, Who could never so *provide* for man's destruction, however much He may *permit* in the requirements of man's free will: in the latter case man involves himself in destruction, but this is never in God's providence, which is concerned in weaning man from his own destructive tendencies, pre-eminently in the Incarnation.

God can, indeed, cause the wrath of man to praise Him, but that is not the same as Dr Fisher's statement, however casuistical the argument may become; as it does when the Archbishop drags in the saying of Christ about being not anxious for the morrow, as applied to fear of the consequences of H-bombs; as red a herring as I have seen, even from an equivocating ecclesiastic!

You may poke fun at churchmen in your review, with its agnostic implications, but the fact remains that Dr Fisher had made a quite fantastic statement in the light of what should be his faith, and he should either attempt to justify his remarks or withdraw them. If the latter happens, it would seem his duty to condemn root and branch all nuclear arms as being contrary to the will of God: that he has already, I believe, supported such a resolution in the World Council of Churches should lead us further to ask why words are not supported by deeds?

P. R. Lane

22 Hill Road, Clevedon
Somerset

Sir,—The Church of England has manifestly failed to give a lead to the campaign for nuclear disarmament and it seems worth considering the reasons for the antagonism of its prominent spokesmen towards the movement.

Christians who have faith in the nuclear weapon as the best means of defence for the western world appear to be guilty either of gross hypocrisy or of some extremely muddled thinking. Their faith rests on the belief that it is justifiable to use this weapon to protect democracy and Christian values; it is permissible to use it in self-defence to preserve our own interests, but aggression is considered an unforgivable sin. And yet a basic tenet of the Christian faith is a belief in the value of unselfishness. From this principle it would be logical to suppose that a reversion to a policy of crusades would be truly Christian—a crusade with the hydrogen bomb to lead us in an attempt to convert the world to our revered Christian ethics. A bishop advocating such a step would at least have the virtue of honesty and would also show where Christian principles, as followed today, ultimately lead one. As it is the motive behind the faith in the hydrogen bomb is fundamentally a selfish motive, and, it follows, anti-Christian.

Soldier

Berlin

THE LIBERAL FRAUD

Sir,—Stand up, stand up for Jesus . . . no, though, it's for the Labour Party, isn't it, for Mr Christopher Logue. His review of Ionesco reminds me of the prattle of two of my friends (very nice people); one of them tries to convert me to Christian Science as the only way, and with the other it's psycho-analysis as the ditto ditto. For Mr Logue it's politics. 'The apolitical or neutral author is the inveterate understrapper for the powerful man.' Oh what a bore. Of course politics are important. If only we were *all* members of the Labour Party everything would be, etc., etc. But we never will be. And Mr Logue seems to have converted himself to walking along a narrow, stony road. Perhaps it costs him such an effort to stay on it that he gets nervous when he sees the wild green things on either side of it. But even if flowers are out of date in China, do let Mr Logue allow us a few here in this less ancient seat of culture. In the days when his vision seemed to be freer and he wrote about his life in Paris, he not only delighted us with some choice and rank flowers of his own, he enlightened us—and so made us more politically conscious. This is what Ionesco does. He enlightens us and therefore makes us more politically conscious. Christopher Logue's attack does not enlighten us, and so defeats his own purpose. It is Ionesco who carries it out for him.

Barbara Wright

18 Wellington Road
London, NW8

Sir,—Christopher Logue mustn't be allowed to misrepresent Ann Jellicoe, N. F. Simpson and myself. Let him be hostile in a constructive direction or even to us, but with honesty. He refers to us as having 'adopted Mr Ionesco's commitment'. Later he refers to 'Mr Ionesco and his party' who 'rank their impotence and neutrality as grave virtues', and he concludes that 'their potential is all for danger; the apolitical or neutral author is the inveterate understrapper for the powerful man'. All this can only be taken to apply to us (as the only other writers named) and is demonstrably untrue.

This dispute is not between pro- and anti-Ionescoites; it's between intuitive writers and intellectual critics. We wrote to the *Observer* supporting Mr Ionesco's statement about intuitive communication —'A work of art has its own unique system of expression, its own means of directly apprehending the real'. My guess is that most artists would agree. One imagines Arthur Miller would. We are aware of Mr Ionesco's faults—and virtues—but all that we said applies also to Samuel Beckett; has Mr Logue reconsidered his views on Beckett?

If Mr Logue makes slaps at us while 'reviewing' Ionesco he must expect to get stung. If he has criticisms they should be specific, but he doesn't seem to understand our work at all. Our plays are *not* influenced by Ionesco's; we did *not* adopt his commitments; we are *not* apolitical or neutral.

Keith Johnstone

Royal Court Theatre
London, SW3

THE HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN

Sir,—In his review of *The Hamlet of Stepney Green* by Bernard Kops your critic gives the impression that the award of the Arts Council bursary to this young writer had been made solely on the merit of this one play. This is not so; as in the case of all other candidates under the New Drama scheme, Mr Kops submitted other examples of his writing, and it was on the quality of his work as a whole and not in respect of any one play that the Council's Drama Panel recommended him for help.

The essence of the Council's scheme to assist new writers for the theatre lies in the promise of a candidate and whether there is justification for encouraging him to go on; the Drama Panel was unanimous about Mr Kops. Only time will tell whether it would have been better to apply the harsh judgment of your critic at such an early stage in a young writer's career.

J. L. Hodgkinson
Drama Director

The Arts Council of Great Britain
4 St James's Square, SW1

BERGER'S ITALY

Sir,—It is impossible to let one or two of Mr John Berger's statements in 'Italian Diary' pass without comment. Moravia 'fails to be a first-rate writer through a lack of heart. . . .' A challenging judgment of this kind should be substantiated, especially when Mr Angus Wilson has said exactly the opposite: 'As a novelist of the heart I think that Signor Moravia has few equals among his contemporaries' (*Observer*). 'The major difference between them [Moravia and Somerset Maugham] is that Moravia is of the Left. . . .' I think that most people, if compelled to think along the lines of this bizarre comparison, could hit on more radical differences than this one—which anyway Mr Berger minimises by the remark that Moravia's Leftism 'can be seen in his anti-clericalism but in little else' (here another question is begged, because there is anti-clericalism of the right). 'Alberto Moravia has been for many years the "president" of Italian literature.' What a misleading picture this gives. He is only 49 now, and still something of a literary *parent terrible*. The inverted commas suggest that Mr Berger, too, had misgivings.

A further criticism: Mr Berger, having visited the Gallery of Modern Art in Rome, slates the four abstract painters exhibiting there. He analyses the vapidity of their work but does not mention their names. I think that some of your readers may be sufficiently interested in contemporary Italian painting to want to know to whom he is referring.

Barbara Lucas

57 Ladbroke Road
London, W11

IN CAREY STREET

Sir,—As secretary and accountant of a small agricultural business, I was interested in the article by No. 2143 of 1954.

It seems to me that the law is weighted very much in favour of the debtor. Its procedures are so costly, cumbrous and long-winded that the debtor has ample opportunity to go abroad or to Scotland, to change his name or his sex, to form a bogus partnership, to disappear or to die. Thus, the unfortunate creditor is usually throwing good money after bad if he attempts to recover some part of his losses by legal action.

About two of our customers go bankrupt annually, and this is a serious matter for a small company. These people are seldom the unfortunates and/or misfits whom your correspondent says are in the majority. In most cases their 'moral turpitude' is undoubted. A few are unfortunate, a few are stupid, but the majority are deliberately dishonest. Some set out to defraud their suppliers, others couldn't care less. The majority ignore all communications and make things as difficult as possible for their creditors. They make no attempt to curtail their private expenditure or regulate their affairs reasonably.

So, eventually bankruptcy follows, after every other device has been tried and found wanting. Within a year or two the debtor applies for discharge and the creditors (to save further expense) do not object. The erstwhile debtor then starts up again; an experienced hand this time, he will form a limited company, so that when the next crash comes he will have very much more than his bed with which to launch venture No. 3.

B. S. Marston

Staplecross
Sussex

OBSTINATELY SLOW?

Sir,—According to the late Dr Charles Beard, the cloacal lines quoted by Critic were definitely Byron. His version read:

O Cloacina, Goddess of this place,
Look on thy suppliant with a smiling face;
Soft, yet cohesive, let their offerings flow,
Not rashly swift nor insolently slow.

This version was published in my *Cleanliness and Godliness*, but I did not include a reply to it by a former Duke of Bedford, which I judged unsuitable, as it is also for these columns.

I find Dr Beard's version the most appropriate in the smooth slickness of the rhythm; and certainly 'cohesive' and 'insolently' argue for the master-hand of Byron, to whose period the earliest records date. If Mr Macmillan, like Mr Eliot, is to have footnotes and learned commentators, we must do our best to see that the scholia are correct.

Reginald Reynolds

"This is a book about a primitive jungle people whose timeless, idyllic pattern of life was suddenly and brutally violated by politics and killing. Dennis Holman . . . has filled a wide canvas with the fruits of his diligent research, and his narrative is intensely readable." *From the foreword by Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer.*

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HEINEMANN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Debate about the Novel

In a recent article in the *Observer* on *Granite and Rainbow*, Philip Toynbee quoted Virginia Woolf: 'To some extent I have forced myself to break every mould and find a fresh form of being, that is of expression, for everything I feel or think'. He commented: 'The *trahison* of later novelists is that none of them can say the same'.

Now Mr Toynbee is a generous-hearted critic, even though he is rooted, to an extent dangerous for his own art, in a special phase in the novel's history (1922-39): one reads him with more attention than others who have a similar kind of vested interest in the past. It is precisely within his gloss on Virginia Woolf that the debate concerning the contemporary novel has got itself into a snarl which must be disentangled, if the argument is going to make any sense at all. It is odd, the misconceptions that have come to smudge the issue: Bloomsbury and anti-Bloomsbury; an Aesthetic *versus* no Aesthetic; the novel of the individual *versus* the novel of society.

And the point is not this at all, or any of these. It is silly to imagine that novelists like C. P. Snow, Doris Lessing, William Cooper, Anthony Powell, Angus Wilson, Kingsley Amis, have given no thought to aesthetic problems. These writers, who differ so much, both in gifts and intention, have this in common, that they repudiate any attempt to abstract man from society: they are not, even Mrs Lessing, *primarily* concerned with society, but they are trying to deal with the springs of social energy in the midst of which men live. They are setting themselves new subjects, new kinds of moral and psychological investigation, working over a far wider social range than their immediate predecessors: thus they have had to re-think their aesthetic problems from the basis of their own needs. Naturally, the solutions they have found are, given their various needs, radically different from those of their predecessors.

When Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf and James Joyce – and before them, Dujardin – began their experiments in moment-by-moment sensibility, they brought to the novel certain technical enrichments of the highest value. They brought into active consciousness the importance of visual and aural presentation. Because of them, their literary successors feel the importance of using their eyes and ears as they never did before. But the Joyce-Woolf aesthetic was found by writers who had something quite different to say, who wanted to write about man in society and the interactions of man and society upon each other, to be quite useless. Some other form of expression had to be discovered, a form that would give them freedom and space in which to say new things: a manner which, while adapted to the matter of the work, did not in any way obscure it.

A work of art, even such a complex work of art as a novel, is in a certain sense irreducible. This theoretical statement can be carried much too far, as Lionel Trilling has pointed out; a good deal of the mindless 'creative plasma' kind of novel, well thought of by a few Americans without Trilling's good sense, derives from the desperate task of writing as though no page of a novel ought to look or be any different from any other page. Nevertheless, what you want to say, and how you say it, are at an ultimate level indistinguishable; it is the curious failure to grasp this truth that has made writers and critics who ought to know better strain after verbal effects, over-value lyric art, and misunderstand epic.

The highly idiosyncratic prose styles of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce have sent a great deal of criticism bowling down a blind alley. Whenever I see the linking 'Woolf-Joyce-Proust' I feel I am looking at something like Table-Chair-River. That is, Virginia Woolf and James Joyce are of the same kind; Proust is odd man out. The important experiments of Proust are not verbal at all, or even 'aesthetic', in the narrow sense. They are human and metaphysical. Proust's only real *technical* experiment is the extended use of discursion: under the surface of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is a framework as hard and classical as that of *War and Peace*. It had to be so, since he was writing about man in society, not simply about man locked into himself. It would be utterly impossible for *The Masters, Scenes from Provincial Life, Hemlock and After, At Lady Molly's* or *Lucky Jim* to be written in the style of *Mrs Dalloway*, even if that had been the style most admired by these writers. For novelists impelled by a sense of social urgency to relate man to his time, the moment-by-moment aesthetic is quite useless. The lessons it has had to teach have been absorbed; and it does seem now that this might have been only a small pocket in the history of the novel, which has now been thoroughly rifled and turned inside out. The cash is being spent, and will continue to be spent.

It should be possible to continue the discussion with this kind of misconception out of the way: that *Lucky Jim*, for instance, is a piece of planchette-writing and that Mr Amis never gave a single thought to his own aesthetic problems. Of course he did. Such problems have necessarily occupied the minds of the neo-realist novelists intently for the past fifteen or twenty years.

If 'Bloomsbury' has become a battle-cry or a dirty word, this is due again to critical confusedness. Far too many critics have been foggy about what Virginia Woolf actually did, or which aspect of her work is of enduring value. That aspect is the lyric aesthetic one: and ought not to be underrated even by writers who would be brought only to a dead end if in their own work they attempted an extrapolation from it. If the experiments of Mrs Woolf and James Joyce had been made before, say, Jane Austen and Walter Scott, it is inconceivable that the one would not have striven to see more sharply and the other to hear more clearly. So far, so good. But the writer of moral and social vision simply cannot work at all within the confines of an obtrusive lyric-aesthetic form. He cannot work for the sake of form: he has to make form work for him.

The passion for form-for-form's sake very nearly ran the English novel into complete sterility. It was stopping things from being said. It was cutting human experience down to the slotting through of moment-by-moment sensations in the Here and Now. It was restricting the expression of the moral impulse and reducing human experience to a series of sensations. Writers in love with the Woolf-surface, the Joyce-surface, were falling into the heresy of believing that a new form is something deliberately created, instead of a thing which springs from the rarity of the artist's personality. It is true, in this sense, to say that every great revolutionary movement in art is an accident.

It is an accident born out of the artist's conscious intention to say a certain thing: the form in which he says it must be the one which arises from the purpose. The form comes to him out of his necessity. It is absurd to imagine any serious writer sitting down and saying: 'I think the novel needs a New Aesthetic. I will give it one. Now, let me see, what shall it be? What can I think up that is really new?'

If a writer's mind is new, so is his form: whether, as in the case of Virginia Woolf, it is experimental in surface texture, or whether, as in the case of Snow, Powell and the late Joyce Cary, it is a proliferation, an outgoing, from what is recognisable as the classic framework. All the contemporary writers I have mentioned are experimental writers: experimenting not so much in surface texture (though each, in his own fashion, is doing that) as in other and deeper ways. They are experimenting with new expressions of the nature of man in society.

A greater understanding of all this would do away with some of the snacking which has begun to reduce the whole debate to triviality. It is not necessary to kick Peter in order to praise Paul, and the cultivation of a sense of literary history might help a bit to calm things down. We now say airily, 'Dickens and Trollope', linking two men who would never have dreamed of linking their own names. There is, as Stella Gibbons put it in *Cold Comfort Farm*, 'room for us all At Howchiker Hall'. If we can stop quarrelling about who gets the seats in the front row, we shall be able to talk more profitably, stop bandying about the word 'experiment', and try to see what it means. For it is not one to be applied merely to textual adventure. There is no reason why the neo-realist novelist should not admit his debt, such as it is (to some it is no small one), to the formal experimentalists, while making clear what the nature of his own experiment has been.

'The novel, it is agreed', wrote Virginia Woolf, 'can follow life: it can amass details. But can it also select? Can it symbolise? Can it give us an epitome as well as an inventory? It was some such function as this that poetry discharged in the past.' It seems to me that to all her questions, one could say Yes. But Mr Toynbee goes on 'How much the English novel has suffered because so many of the most talented novelists have gone backwards instead of forwards!'

The answer is that they have not. What Mr Toynbee seems to me to be doing, quite unconsciously, is to hanker for the novel to *stay* at the stage of experiment in form. Well, that is too far back for us to go now: Tolstoi is nearer, if only because those human and social problems which absorbed him are once more absorbing us – but with a difference. Such a difference, impelled by social and political pressures, anxieties, hopes, that during the past fifteen years or so the whole face of the English novel has changed.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Witches

Once was every woman the witch
To ride a weed the ragwort road;
Devil to do whatever she would:
Each rosebud, every old bitch.

Did they bargain their bodies or no?
Proprietary the devil that
Went horsing on their every thought
When they scowled the strong and lucky low.

Dancing in Ireland nightly, gone
To Norway (the ploughboy bridled),
Nightlong under the blackamoor spraddled,
Back beside their spouse by dawn

As if they had dreamed all. Did they dream it?
Oh, our science says they did.
It was all wishfully dreamed in bed.
Small psychology would unseam it.

Bitches still sulk, rosebuds blow,
And we are devilled. And though these weep
Over our harms, who's to know
Where their feet dance while their heads sleep?

TED HUGHES

Halcro

Don't go to that old man
With daffodil-shining dove-winged words
To nail beside his clock.
His wall is wild with ships and birds.

Even the rum you bring
And the tobacco coiled and mellow
He loves to chew, he'll stuff
In the oblivion of his pillow.

Give him the salty texts
Chanted in smithy, pub, and loan –
How the corn's ripening; how
The pier was gray with Grimsbymen

Last stormy weekend; how
Sigurd got a pint of stout
So riotously sour
They had to call the police out;

And how Grieg's spindly lass
With hollow neck and freckled brow
Is suddenly grown a woman
And has two breasts like roses now . . . .

Then see his bone-bright hands
Frail on the chair, grow firm again
In the stillness of old brawls,
Torn nets, sweet dust, and tangled grain.

GEORGE MACKAY BROWN

Islam and the Experts

The Middle East in Transition. Edited by WALTER Z. LAQUEUR. *Routledge*. 40s.

Does Colonel Nasser lead a genuine pan-Arab movement, which should be conciliated, or is he an Egyptian Hitler, whose aggression can only be contained by military force? If he is the former, what price will the West have to pay for reconciliation with the Arab world? If he is the latter, how can we hope to defeat him now that he can be sure of Russian support? These are some of the practical questions about the Middle East to which politicians have to find answers. Unfortunately, these answers depend almost entirely on an appraisal of the social and political forces which move the Arab peoples, and that appraisal cannot be made without the help of the Arabists – that esoteric elite of British, French and American scholars who have broken through the language barrier which cuts most of us off from the Arab world.

Mr Walter Laqueur, who broke new ground with his *Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East* has invited a bunch of Arabs and Arab experts to help in this task of reappraisal. Had he collected the same writers ten years ago, most of them, I think, would have proved to us, with a wealth of erudite evidence, that the Middle East is safe from Russia because Islam is impermeable by Communism. Now they tell us that the Moslem creed leaves the Arab mind wide open to authoritarian doctrine, and some of them prove it with a mass of detailed scholarship, whose quality no non-Arabist can assess. Indeed, the only common idea which gives this gallimaufry of Middle Eastern expertise any unity is the anxiety felt by all the contributors about the impact of the Soviet Union on the Arab world. Even the two Russian scholars whose essays are included also suffer from their own kind of anxiety. They reveal a sharp fear that contact with the Moslems of the Middle East could resurrect a dangerous nationalism among the Moslems of Central Asia. As for the Western contributors, they are nearly all of them obsessed by fear of the Soviet Union.

I assume that the Arabists are as right now in fearing Communist penetration as they were ten year ago in pooh-poohing it – and conclude from this that the Arab mind must have been changing violently under the impact of events. This is not intrinsically unlikely. For, in the Middle East, we are dealing not with the clash of two abstractions called Islam and Communism but with the reaction of a ramshackle collection of Arab states to a whole succession of internal and external shocks since 1945. It is these shocks which have discredited the older generation of pro-Western Kings and Premiers, thrown up a new generation of anti-Western Colonels and created the conditions for successful Russian intervention.

What can we learn from *The Middle East in Transition*? Unfortunately, these 36 essays are of very varying quality: fortunately, most of them were written and many of them published some time ago. This enables us to employ a rough-and-ready test. All we have to do is to see how well the judgments which they make upon Iraq stand up after the recent revolution? By this test, far the best contribution is the few pages entitled 'Political Trends in the Fertile Crescent', by W. Khalidi (1956); and the most ridiculous a full-length supplement on Development in Iraq, first published in the *Economist* in 1957. 'A growing number of factors bears out the view,' pontificates the *Economist*,

that, owing to development works, the land-

“Robert Harling is one of those writers of thrillers whose reviews get longer and more respectful with each new book . . .” *Godfrey Nicholson*
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Siriol Hugh-Jones TATLER

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CHATTO & WINDUS

lord's position is crumbling away, and that even if brusque land reform is shirked, change will happen, without tears, in this generation.

A few weeks ago, anyone who questioned this kind of blind optimism about Nuri es Said's Iraq was written off either as a Communist or as an Angry Young Man. Few people took Mr Khalidi at all seriously in 1956 when he observed:

> The success of Nasserism has revealed three important facts: the vast majority of Arabs are still uncommitted to the extreme Right or Left; the ideological bases of Nasserism, such as they are, are acceptable to this vast majority; and these bases have a counter-dynamism capable of wresting the initiative from the hands of the extreme Right or Left. But an important reservation must be made. Nasserism, with Egyptian nationalism as an indispensable component, cannot in all its details strike permanent roots in the Fertile Crescent countries. What it can do is to inspire the growth of a parallel local movement, a neo-Arab nationalism . . . Moreover, it would be possible for it to come to a businesslike agreement with the West, on a more broadly popular basis than has so far been feasible. The natural backbone of this movement is Iraq.

Mr Khalidi strengthens my belief that the West can still come to an arrangement with the Colonels because they are hard-headed nationalists, determined to achieve Arab independence between the blocs and ready to accept help from any quarter, including Russia. His appraisal fits very well with that of the Russian, Mr Lutskii, the Frenchman, M. Vigneau, and a brilliant Swiss journalist, Herr Tütsch. All succeed in illuminating the events which have taken place long after they wrote their essays. Among the contributors who have been overtaken by history and made to look silly are such British experts as Sir Hamilton Gibb, Mr G. F. Hudson and Mr A. V. Sherman. A special tribute is due to a Frenchman, M. Bennigsen, and an American, Mr Henze, for two fascinating studies of the Moslem problem inside the USSR. The most notable impression left on me by this book is that the only contributors to give any support to the present policies of the British and American Governments are those whose judgments have already been disproved by events.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

WRITERS AT WORK

Sixteen writers of five countries—including E. M. Forster, Mauriac, Thurber, Faulkner, Moravia, Angus Wilson and Françoise Sagan. " Most of the questions you have ever wanted to ask an author are asked, and answered, in these interviews; asked with skill and tact, and answered with remarkable fullness and candour."—JOHN WAIN, *Observer*.

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Stanley Wade Baron (the author of *People and Americans* and *The Facts of Love*) has once again shown himself to be highly perceptive of human relationships. He is equally at home in the brash atmosphere of New York's café society and the ultra conservatism of the Virginian countryside. 16*s*.

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Universally greeted as **Moravia's** greatest novel, it is still selling over 1,000 copies a week. Book Soc. Rec. 18*s*.

Secker & Warburg

Edwardians

Edwardian Daughter. By SONIA KEPPEL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s*.

The Shabby Paradise. By EILEEN BAILLIE. *Hutchinson.* 18*s*.

Bring Back the Days. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. *Michael Joseph.* 21*s*.

Sonia Keppel and Eileen Baillie were born within a very few years of each other, at the beginning of the century, but into circumstances that could scarcely be in more violent contrast. Miss Keppel's first homes were in Portman Square and Grosvenor Street. As a small child, she knew the reigning monarch, her mother's friend, as 'Kingy', and when he came to tea, he would offer her the royal leg as a racecourse for two slices of bread and butter, placed butter-side down on his trousers, on the progress of which the assembled company would bet. When she was older, it was Mrs Asquith who guaranteed to cure her of shyness. She moved from one great house to another, to Lord Alington's at Crichel, Lord Ilchester's at Melbury, Sir Ernest Cassel's at Biarritz. Her memoirs are a sort of *vade mecum* to Edwardian Society.

Mrs Baillie, on the other hand, was brought up in Poplar, where her father was vicar. From her nursery window, she looked down upon the goings-on, still Hogarthian, in the public house opposite. Her playground, by a special dispensation of the Port of London Authority, was the East India Dock. From almost the earliest age, though herself living in solid bourgeois comfort, she was conscious as a matter of course of the existence of extreme poverty and saw it in its most melodramatic aspects. She was, it is true, in it rather than of it. She was not allowed to play with any of the local children except the daughter of the churchwarden, a railway guard; and her nanny attended her wherever she went. No doubt this knowledge that she was somehow different, together with the glaring contrast between life in Poplar and that she experienced when staying in the middle-class opulence of her grandparents' houses, increased her sense of the romantic nature of the environment in which she dwelt. Now she has admirably reproduced it, in satisfying detail.

In every conventional sense, Mrs Baillie is a much better writer than Miss Keppel but she is not the natural writer Miss Keppel is. It is as though forty years of life mediate between Mrs Baillie and her material: Miss Keppel recreates directly what must seem to everyone else her exotic childhood. She does so partly through her spontaneous vividness of phrase, as when she refers to 'the sudden crunching sound (as though we were driving over meringues) as the wheels turned from the highroad into the gravelled Drive'. And partly she does so because of her complete lack of comment upon the world she is describing. By comparison, Mrs Baillie comments much too much. The figures of Miss Keppel's world emerge far more clearly, especially that of her mother, who dominates the book exactly as the goddess of abundance, beautiful, enchanting, imperious, that her daughter saw her. 'To set my collar-bone, Mamma took me to a doctor and, because he was rough setting it, she boxed his ears'. No question, Mrs George Keppel was superb.

Both these authors capture facets of English life that are now gone for good. Yet neither gives the impression of having written a period-piece to anything like the extent that Mr Hutchinson, for all he is only twenty years older, does. This comes in part from his very eccentric prose, which has the effect of putting everything he describes some fifty years further back in time than it actually was. 'Are thrillers with droll touch your best like?' How long is it since anyone except the author of *If Winter Comes* wrote like that? Mr Hutchinson seems habitually to write like Dickens when he has gone off the boil. He is incurably whimsical. And all this makes for difficulty. What he has, though, is a precise memory for physical environment; he seems to be able to remember any house in which he lived as a child in such detail that an architect could rebuild it from his account. In his autobiography he is very much the sensitive, 'backward' small boy of fiction, dominated by an elder brother and an elder sister. His father was an officer in the Indian Army and his childhood was spent mainly in watering-places on the South Coast. For me, the best of the book was the last third, where he describes his life as a boarder at Totnes Grammar School and later at a school in what I take to be Torquay. This is fascinating, the more so because of the difficulty of realising that he is recounting a life which was lived less than seventy years ago.

WALTER ALLEN

New Novels

The Law. BY ROGER VAILLAND. Translated by PETER WILES. *Cape.* 15*s*.

The Choice. By MICHAEL MCLAVERTY. *Cape.* 15*s*.

Rare Bird. By KENNETH ALLSOP. *Jarrolds.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Law is a novel of distinction by a writer who understands and reverences his craft. In 80,000 words M. Vailland unfolds a dramatic and complicated story against a strange and complicated background. It would have been easy and permissible to be twice as long. M. Vailland's writing is plain and conventional, apart from an interesting system of paragraphing which isolates every significant action and, without verbiage, lengthens out a scene and gives it tension (and would, on the other hand, quickly show up weak writing). M. Vailland uses this device with discrimination; it is never allowed to lose its effectiveness by becoming a lazy trick. Every paragraph and every section of this novel has been carefully cast and seems to be locked into position, creating a structure which is solid and formal, and yet always lively.

The Law is set in Manacore, a small Southern Italian port, an ancient town which knew grandeur before the Roman Empire, and has declined and risen many times since. Its history lies in the marshes that surround it, and in its fine buildings. But many of these buildings have been turned into slum dwellings: in Manacore there are always more people than rooms. The main square is filled with the songs of the prisoners on the ground floor of the courthouse; the audience are the unemployed who lean against walls, waiting to be offered jobs. Manacore is decayed, but not decadent. Only one person has *lost interest*, the aged and feudal Don Cesare; and it is fitting that he should. He is the old-fashioned Southern 'man of culture'; he has a philosophy of history and knows that his age and his values have gone.

> One summer he had stayed for a time in Portugal. . . . He had thought it the worst of misfortunes to be born a Portuguese. In Lisbon, for the first time in his life, he had made the acquaintance of a people who had *lost interest*. Today he reflected it had been the turn of the Italians, the French and the English to *lose interest*. Interest had emigrated to the United States, Russia, China, India. . . . The Italians and the French had begun to *portugalise* themselves after the Second World War.

But no one else has a philosophy of history, and no one else has lost interest. Not Marietta, the virgin of Don Cesare's household; for her, real life is just about to begin. Not the men who want Marietta: Pippo, the leader of the boy thieves, and Matteo Brigante, the racketeer who controls everything in Manacore. Even the unemployed have not lost interest, for though they belong to a society where degree and precedence, however acquired, have an Elizabethan rigidity, they are not imprisoned within it. 'The Law' is impartial, and it is open to everyone, at some time, to insult, dictate and exact obedience.

'The Law' is a tavern game. By a throw of dice or cut of cards a patron is selected; the losers buy him a bottle of wine; and as long as the wine lasts it is the patron's privilege to insult and humiliate the other players. They bear it silently; they know their turn will come. The Law is more than a game. It reflects the life of Manacore. The patrons of real life can easily be humiliated and have the law laid down to them. The Chief of Police will allow himself to be publicly humiliated by a servant girl with whom he is infatuated. He understands the game; he knows that his humiliation, and that of his wife, is part of the girl's pleasure; but soon she will become his mistress, her power will disappear, and the law will be laid down to her.

For the only power that matters to Manacore is this power to humiliate and lay down the law. Without it every pleasure is without savour. A sexual adventure has value only when you can 'impose the law on your partner'. The relationship with the mistress is therefore more satisfying than that with the prostitute. By asking to be paid, the prostitute imposes the law; by paying her, the man imposes the law as well; and only a skilled prostitute can make this 'double dependence-liberty' clear, without which 'there was nothing left but the pleasure of copulating . . . the dullest of pleasures . . . which others enjoyed equally well with their wives, who had grown so used to submitting to the law that there was no point in imposing it on them'.

In Manacore, then, there can be no love, with its fine sentiments, its mutual regard and dependence. There is only the sudden blaze of passion between Pippo and Marietta, in a shack in the olive fields. The wife of the judge and Francesco, the son of Matteo Brigante, getting their emotions from *La Chartreuse de Parme,* fall in love and decide to run away. She gives Francesco some money to make the arrangements. Matteo gets to know of the plan, takes the boy to a brothel; there the boy reveals his weakness, has the law laid down to him by a contemptuous prostitute, and gives up his mistress's money. There is no more talk of love. It has been shown up for what it is: a Northern refinement, factitious and fraudulent. People who do not accept The Law are ridiculous, like the wife of the judge, and the agronomist from the North who has plans for the improvement of goats.

I do not know how true M. Vailland's picture is. But while we are reading the novel, this world has an absolute validity. There is nothing lubricous about M. Vailland's writing. He remains detached, sometimes awed, sometimes amused. *The Law* is an experience I will not easily forget. The translation by Peter Wiles is fluent; the touch of strangeness which all translations have is here quite in order, since this is a novel about Italy by a Frenchman. And how well Cape's have produced this book! It is beautifully printed and a pleasure to handle. The endpapers, by David Knight, are an added delight.

The Choice is an easy-paced novel about Irish family life. It has some affinities with the radio serial, but is so well written and so honest that it does develop a certain power. Mr McLaverty's lyricism is tinged with melancholy. His book will give a good deal of quiet pleasure.

Mr Kenneth Allsop doesn't like reporters and TV personalities. In *Rare Bird* he tries to flatten them all. They will survive. Some rare birds nest in a Wiltshire village; improbably, reporters and TV personalities fall upon the village; they don't care about the birds; but the villagers do, and after a pitched battle the reporters and TV personalities retreat. That is really all. Mr Allsop ruins his satire by overstatement and an anger which is to me inexplicable.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Life Detectors

The Nature of Biography. By JOHN A. GARRATY. *Cape* 18*s.*

The trouble with this book is that it is repetitious and leaves no stone unturned. Himself a biographer of Woodrow Wilson and Henry Cabot Lodge and an associate professor of American history in Michigan University, Mr Garraty was unluckily persuaded to turn a useful short book on recent biographical methods into a general history from the time of the Pharaohs. Such a catalogue is no doubt a good digest for students who are being educated on the digest principle, but Mr Garraty is more useful, in a field that contains far too many amateurs, as a practical instructor in biographical engineering. He may discourage the facile by his imposing account of the labour to which the biographer must put himself; and those who imagine that minute research will enable them to draw character, are reminded that this is a literary gift not to be bought by methodology or the short cut of dogmatic theory. He illustrates the dangers of accepting diaries, letters, personal statements and so on at their face value; he warns us against widows and autobiographical novels. He lightens his lecture with some picturesque glimpses of contemporary biographers at work. Mrs C. D. Bowen tacking up pictures of John Adams on her bedroom wall to 'keep him ever present in mind'; Sir Harold Nicolson who 'stresses literary artistry and selectivity' and uses a large indexed notebook; the gregarious Carl Sandburg writing his life of Lincoln, with his notes hung up on a large screen, two copyists, his wife and children assisting. In fine weather the outfit was moved to the garden where Mr Sandburg typed away wearing only a loincloth and a green eyeshade 'in the midst of his flock of pedigreed goats'. This conscript family must be contrasted with Emil Ludwig sitting alone for hours

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staring at portraits of a Goethe, a Bismarck or a Napoleon until he could daub back at them with an intuition.

The core of Mr Garraty's original book is in his rapid notes on the influence of impressionism, debunking, psychoanalysis, Marxism on biography and of the uses of solemn systems of psychiatric measurement. Fictional biography has almost died of its freedom and its own vulgarity; the psychoanalytical has rarely been in cautious and delicate hands and its myths have usually been too general and overpowering for individual personality to survive them. But what about graphology? Graphologists, fortunately, do not agree. What about the German Busemann, a psychologist, who 'evaluated' prose styles and who devised an action quotient (Aq) by dividing the number of active (verbal) ideas in a given passage of writing by the number of qualitative (adjectival) ones? An increase in adjectives indicated emotional instability. An American enthusiast called Boder found that Emerson's proportion of adjectives per 100 verbs went up from 21 in July 1845 to 107 in August? What happened? Emotional disturbance? (Or was it the weather?) Dolland and Maurer have worked out a formula, the DRQ (Discomfort-Relief Quotient), for detecting the part played by emotional depression in the reports of social workers; and White went through the emotive words in Richard Wright's *Black Boy* and discovered 1,205 examples of frustration and only 349 showing 'positive satisfaction'. Mr Garraty is guarded about all this, though he clearly believes in trying anything once and hankers, in the modern way, for some scientific aid to an intimacy which we have had to achieve so far by the mere possession of talent, sympathy, intelligence, imagination, insight and experience of human nature. The biographer who takes the scientist's slow boat to China arrives at what was obvious to Mr Garraty when, for example, he simply read Richard Wright's book and thought about it. Textual calculators are still left with the questions of style and audience to deal with; the immense dictated memoranda of politicians are influenced by the presence of the secretary with her notebook; more and more of what is personal is not nowadays written down but vanishes out of the biographer's grasp into the telephone. It is conceivable, as Mr Garraty says, that a subject's Aq or DRQ may give a hint worth following up, especially in characters who have been depersonalised by their jobs and have become mere uttering machines, as politicians or executives commonly are; but one dreads what this new version of 'the method' will do to biographical prose.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Are you one of those people who have always wanted to write . . . who perhaps have tried but feel they need someone to "show them the ropes"? If you are, then send a story, article or anything you've written to The London School of Journalism for expert advice and criticism. The free book "Writing for the Press" makes no extravagant promises but describes moderately the methods of the School and shows how you can enter a field that is open to all. The fees are low—advice is free from

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The Road to Flodden

King James IV of Scotland. By R. L. MACKIE. *Oliver & Boyd. 25s.*

For most of western Europe, the later fifteenth century was a time of recovery and revival after long years of economic crisis, social bitterness and civil strife. England and France, Castile and Aragon all benefited from a period of firm government under rulers who overhauled the machinery of administration, curbed the excesses of the aristocracy and took a good look at their balance-sheets before they embarked on foreign wars. But Scotland remained a law unto itself. The civil wars of fifteenth-century England allowed the Scots a period of respite from foreign invasion, during which they seem to have enjoyed some small degree of economic prosperity. They failed to turn this advantage to good use. James III was no 'new monarch' on the continental model – not even a Louis XI *manqué*, according to Mr Mackie. He neither improved the administration of justice, nor succeeded in restraining a naturally unbridled aristocracy; but he had the wit to see that there was more to be gained by peace than by war with England. His son failed even in this.

The story of James IV's reign is the story of a sad inability to see the moral in the lesson taught by the experience of the fifteenth century: that Scotland had prospered because England was in trouble; that Scotland had been strong because England had been weak. Common sense should have advised against tempting Fortune, once order and good government had been restored south of the border. James IV, feckless and irresponsible, tempted it too far. He wanders through the pages of Mr Mackie's book, a restless, misguided figure, at several removes from the harsh political and economic realities that surrounded him, and apparently unaware, in spite of repeated warnings, that the England of Henry VII and VIII was not the England of Henry VI and Edward IV. Condemned by his own inclinations and those of the fractious Scottish nobility to a continuation of Scotland's traditional foreign policy, he persisted in administering a series of sharp jabs at his southern neighbours which caused more irritation than damage, and were certain sooner or later to provoke retaliation. When he espoused the cause of Perkin Warbeck, it was only Henry VII's embarrassments in the south-west which prevented an attack on Scotland. In 1513 there was no Cornish rebellion to save him, and the Flodden which he had so assiduously courted was the predictable result. Even the marriage alliance with England, so momentous in its outcome, cannot conceal the political sterility of his reign.

It is a dismal enough story, though in some circumstances it might have had a certain epic grandeur as a narrative of *hubris* and its reward. But the James IV portrayed by Mr Mackie engages little sympathy as he proceeds along the path of folly to ultimate disaster. This may partly be the result of the survival of insufficient biographical material to turn the King into a creature of flesh and blood. It is difficult to feel the personal tragedy of a figure so remote. Very probably even a fuller portrait could not have succeeded in turning James IV into a convincing tragic hero, but this particular study again points all too clearly to the drawbacks of biography as a branch of historical writing. At the best of times it is difficult to make the history of a period hinge satisfactorily on the career of a single individual. With a figure like James IV it is impossible. There simply is not sufficient information to explain convincingly his policies and actions. The resulting narrative is bound to be a chronicle of events, of conspiracies, border raids and truces – especially broken truces – unrelieved by the analysis of motives and intentions which makes the reading of history rewarding. Inevitably Mr Mackie has to fall back on the 'times' in lieu of information about the 'life'. His account of James IV's Scotland is admirably documented, and written with concision and clarity and an eye for vivid detail. But this is a surface portrait, a tableau for an unrealised 'life'. The turbulent Scotland of the late fifteenth century, here depicted, has no inner dynamic. The fault is not primarily Mr Mackie's but reflects the lack of detailed monographs which lie behind any successful synthesis. Until work is done in depth on Scottish life and society in this period, there is no hope of escape from historical biographies of the 'life and times' school.

JOHN ELLIOTT

Going, Going, Gone

Bid for Power. By GEORGE BULL and ANTHONY VICE. *Elek. 25s.*

Companies swallow one another as casually and as commonly as the rest of us. The swallower goes to work by acquiring a controlling interest in his victim's share capital and, since it would be difficult and expensive to amass the necessary number of shares gradually through the Stock Exchange, his usual method is to offer an attractive price to all the existing shareholders. The take-over bid is an everyday occurrence in the capitalist jungle. Obstinate romantics may still choose to regard the City as a den of exciting iniquity and the take-over bid as its scandalously flamboyant symbol, yet it is a disappointing fact that most of what goes on there nowadays is dull and utterly respectable and that evil-doing is exciting only because rare. So it is with bids: a few consist in nothing but financial legerdemain while the great majority are routine commercial transactions.

Yet there is no denying that take-over bids have attracted publicity and set political emotions chugging during the past few years. Newspapers, feeling and magnifying in reflection the mixture of admiring nostalgia and envious disapproval with which we tend to regard the financial buccaneer, have made every casual reader of City or gossip column familiar with Messrs Clore, Wolfson, Samuel, Fraser, and so forth. What lent a heroic touch to the exploits of these gentlemen – apart from their concentration in time – was the size of the companies they bid for and the dramatic rise in share prices which their bids were wont to produce. This rise was possible, of course, only because ten years of war and Labour government had rusted the machine, because companies, at a time when inflation had multiplied the value of their existing assets without inducing them to invest their profits in new ones, had heaped up results which belonged to shareholders and yet were not available to them. Because of dividend restraint and because of the inefficiency in which dividend restraint permitted many boards of directors to indulge themselves, the price of shares in the market was much lower than the value – to an efficient businessman – of the assets represented by these shares. The buccaneers seized the opportunity with dramatic success.

There is no cause for heartburn. Those who object to capital gains should tax them rather than attempt to bribe a few disgruntled and muddle-headed union leaders with the promise of dividend limitation. Those who object to the discomfort and upheaval often caused by a successful bid had better accept the universe. Capitalism may be beastly, but until it is done away with it is as well to keep the machinery in good working order. Anyone interested in the detailed working of the machinery will obtain pleasure from this book, which deals thoroughly with the classical bids of the mid-1950s, sets out their financial background, describes the evolution of a technique and conveys something of the newsprint-flavoured excitement in which they took place. It is thorough and accurate enough to provide ammunition for those who want it, yet readable enough to please those who do not.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,484 **Set by J. Thaddeus Delane**

The death of Bishop Weatherproof, that noted eccentric and leading figure in the world of religion, sport and belles-lettres, was lately announced in *The Times*. Those who knew the Bishop are invited to write an 'appreciation'. Limit 150 words; entries by 19 August.

Result of No. 1,481 **Set by B. Mount**

The usual prizes are offered for a cautionary rhyme for present-day children. Limit 12 lines.

Report

The chief hazards lurking in the path of the modern child were certainly unknown to those pioneers of cautionary tales, Jane and Ann Taylor. Many would even have surprised Hilaire Belloc (whose models were largely followed). Watching or not watching the telly, passing or failing the Eleven-plus exam, seem equally risky; Margaret V. Bonyun showed the pitfalls of non-U behaviour and D. J. Morrison told 'the dreadful story of Georgina who longed to change her sex'. Smoking has new dangers revealed by P. W. R. Foot and others; longing for space travel brings horrid retribution.

A. W. Clarke deserves two guineas for a cautionary rhyme to end all such warnings; one guinea to each of the others printed. Commended: V. Langton, Ellen Tulloch, Jean Stubbs, Sheila M. Brooks, B. Sabine, and D. M. Pulsford.

Thomas, an Air-Marshal's son,
Loved to push the neighbour's bells;
Laughingly away he'd run
Heedless of their angry yells.

Tom, when visiting H.Q.,
Found a red one labelled 'GO.
WARNING' (underlined in blue)
'Please don't press till Ike says so.'

Peter with a startled look
Drew a line and closed the Book.
'See,' he said, 'what comes of boys
Playing with their father's toys.'

A. W. CLARKE

Beware, sweet child, so self-expressive,
The fate of little Polly Thene,
Whose death was due to quite excessive
Attention to the telly screen.

Her eyes grew bloodshot, glazed and bloated,
Her wits grew dimmer than her sight:
If Wordsworth may be so misquoted
'She was a phantom of dim light'.

One day, absorbed by dreams of Noddy,
She stumbled out to buy a lolly;
The bus that biffed her heedless body
Should make you shun poor Polly's folly.

ALISON EDWARDS

Nelly James, the young upstart,
Read Good Books and studied Art,
And liked to talk of what she'd seen
Despite the television screen,
Which most annoying quirk, no doubt,
Was why friends never asked her out;
And when they talked of last night's Telly
No one else was dumb but Nelly.
The verdict of the British nation
Was 'Nelly has no Conversation'.
Now Nelly is outside the Pale,
And keeps six cats in Maida Vale.

K. B. JAMES

The off-spring of the Leicester-Pagetts
Was brought up with electric gadgets.
His parents taught the little soul
Safe handling of Remote Control–
But did not warn him people live
Sometimes, in ways more primitive:
A char's pail on a stair he found,

And trying to *switch it off*, was drowned.
Dear children, no mistake is commoner
Than toying with *natural* phenomena.
Pure science is your heritage–
The other's kids' stuff. Be your Age!

P. M.

The chiefest of young Ethel's vices
Was eating multitudes of ices.

Whene'er the ice-van's booming tinkle
Was heard, Eth ran out in a twinkle,

And gorged herself on large 'Vanilla';
Her Mum foretold that it would kill 'er.

No tears could thaw her; once she ran
Away, and hid inside the van,

And promptly froze upon the spot
Like the saltpillar-wife of Lot.

Poor Eth is licked! Behold the follies
Of one whose lolly went on lollies.

GERDA MAYER

Dear children, learn of Archie Hacketts,
Whose passion was for cereal packets,
For nothing caused him so much glee
As when he could get something free.
No matter if the stuff was hateful,
He'd swallow plateful after plateful.
He'd eaten down to toys galore;
He always must have just one more.
His mother cried: 'My child, beware!'
He fixed her with a porcine stare;
Till, banked with toys on either side,
He tried one final gulp–and died.

ADRIENNE GASCOIGNE

When Billy Bouncer from the sea
Had rescued little Lucy Lee,
He aimed to linger on the spot,
To see the Press and brag a lot!
But Bill recalled his *Daily Mail*,
And wiser counsels did prevail–
Tradition, Custom, things like those–
So Bill went home and dried his clothes:
Next morning's headlines, inches high,
Proclaimed a Hero–modest, shy!
Moral: with Usage never quarrel
And keep your motives fairly moral!

MIK

W. H. SMITH & SON (HOLDINGS) LTD.

The Hon. D. J. Smith, the Chairman, says:—

Profit before Taxation was £1,825,861
Increase £152,312

Taxation charge was £1,060,812
Increase £75,874

Net Profit after current taxation and adjustments was £765,049
Increase £76,438

Dividends on Preference and Ordinary shares (15% same) were £363,687
Same as last year

Transfer to Reserves and increase in carry forward £401,362
Increase £76,438

The Freehold and Leasehold properties were revalued and showed a surplus of about five and a half million pounds over the Balance Sheet value.

As a result of this revaluation, a Bonus Issue will be made of one "A" or "B" Ordinary Share for each two Shares held.

The administration of the Retail side of the business was reorganised during the year. A large programme of refitting will be undertaken.

The rebuilding and modernisation of various Wholesale Houses continues. We expect to spend not less than £750,000 over the next few years on this development.

More than 100 members of the staff who retired during the last five years had completed over 50 years' service.

City Lights

Up and Up and Never-Never

Administration officials are so obviously full of relieved jubilation over the behaviour of their economic indicators that the American public is beginning to take an early business recovery for granted. Industrial production, though still 10 per cent. down on last year, has now moved 3 per cent. above the bottom; government spending has still to produce its full effect and the Middle East crisis has helped to put a stop to the running-down of stocks. Public confidence, above all, has improved and businessmen are hoping for an increase in consumers' expenditure – particularly on durable goods – towards the end of the year. This hope, strongly held in Detroit, seems to have been responsible for most of the increase in orders and output that has so far taken place.

The average American is least predictable when he is most important. His present optimism as consumer and as investor seems to be wrapped up with his expectation of continuing inflation: it has been enhanced by this week's increases in the price of aluminium and steel and by the increase in the estimated Budget deficit. The trouble is that the sort of inflation which America has been worrying over during the past few years has little direct connection with the level of business activity and that the average American may tumble to this fact too soon. The government, too, is still in something of a muddle about what it wants, and the hoped-for increase in production has only strengthened the conviction of some economists that inflation is their real enemy. Measures to discourage business investment are scarcely practicable since investment plans are still apparently declining. But there is to be no more stimulus from the Budget – the President this week vetoed a proposal to make up the actuarial deficit in the Civil Service pension scheme. The Federal Reserve Board, moreover seems at last to have realised that a Stock Exchange boom is a dangerous way of fostering the confidence of businessmen and consumers.

* * *

Those who dislike hire-purchase will certainly regard the chairmen of the London clearing banks as Gadarene swine. Scarcely had the announcement been made that Barclays was to take a 25 per cent interest in United Dominions Trust than news came that Martins and the Westminster were both to take a 20 per cent. interest in Mercantile Credit and that the National Provincial was making a bid for the entire equity of North Central Wagon. There was just sufficient time, however, for account to be taken of the objections which a few UDT shareholders had raised to allowing Barclays to acquire 25 per cent. of their equity at a price 20 per cent. below the market. Mercantile Credit allowed its two new shareholders the same discount, but soothed the pain by making a scrip issue to existing shareholders and forecasting a higher dividend. North Central Wagon had an easier choice. Over half of its equity was owned by the Pru: the National Provincial had to bid for the lot if it wished to obtain control without creating a scandal and it had to bid a figure well above the market price in order to interest the Pru.

TAURUS

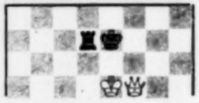
The Chess Board

No. 456. Boon for Endgame Students

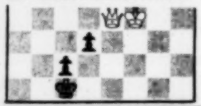
Put up this position please, /16/5P1P/4P3/3p1q2/3bkt2K/3k1Kt2/7Q/, and before reading on, consider why and how, being threatened by mate, White must try to win the B while swopping Qs. He does it by 7 successive sacrificial offerings, and it's a 1st prize-winner, 1935, of Herbstmann's. (1) Q-K1 ch! (Q-QB1?) K-B7; (2) Q-B1 ch, K-Kt6; (3) Q-Kt2 ch, K-B5; (4) Q-Kt4 ch! (Kt x B?), K-Q4; (5) Q-Q6 ch! (Q-B5 ch?), K-B5; (6) Q-B5 ch, K-Kt6; (7) Q-Kt4 ch! (Q-Kt6 ch?), K-B7; (8) Q-Kt2 ch, etc. Pretty, isn't it? And whoever might insist on the study's value being aesthetic rather than practical should look at this famous game-position illustrating much the same theme. Adams-Torre, 1920:/2r1r1k1/1p1q1ppp/3p1b2/p2P4/3Q4/5Kt2/PP2RPPP/4R1K1/. (1) Q-KKt4!, Q-Kt4 (best); (2) Q-QB4, Q-Q2; (3) Q-B7!, Q-Kt4; (4) P-QR4!, Q x RP (best); (5) R-K4!!, Q-Kt4; (6) Q x KtP! etc. I took this from *André Chéron's* 3rd vol. of *Lehr-und Handbuch der Endspiele*, just published by *Siegfried Engelhardt Verlag* (DM 13.90), and thereby completing the work which, what with more than 2,000 pieces and innumerable amendments, is almost double the size of the author's original *Nouveau Traité. La fin de partie* (1952). I dislike superlatives but it may be almost an understatement to call the completed work the most comprehensive ever written (and ever likely to be written) on the subject. The present vol. is largely confined to Q-endings, but there is a fascinating appendix on promotion themes and a highly important collection of wins requiring more than 50 moves without structural and material change and thereby proving the need for an amendment of the respective FIDE rule. I shall have to revert to all this more than once, and I shan't forget our own A. J. Roycroft's excellent piece (in collaboration with Fontana), a Q v. Q&RP ending much too difficult to be set in the competition. Meanwhile, to select just one or two plums from that over-rich tree, here's Harold Lommer's "world record" piece with 4 promotions of one P. /5bk1/4P2kt/1P4P1/4r2q/1Bp3P1/2Pp4/3P4/3K4/. White wins by (1) P x Kt ch, Q x P; (2) P x B (Q) mate; or . . . K-Kt2; (2) P x B (B!), etc; or . . . K-R1; (2) P x B (R!) ch, etc; or . . . K x P; (2) P x B (Kt!) ch, K-Kt1!; (3) P x Q, R x P; (4) K-B1, R-QKt4; (5) Kt-Q7, K-B2; (6) B-Q6, K-K1 (best); (7) Kt-B6 ch, K-B2; (8) Kt-Q5 etc. The juror who awarded this piece a well earned 1st prize (in the *Journal de Genève* competition of 1933) was André Chéron, and it inspired him for this interesting variation of the basic idea /5rk1/4P2kt/2P2p2P1/4rq2/1B2P3/6K1/16/. (1) P x Kt ch, Q x P; (2) P x R (Q) mate; or . . . K x P; (2) P x R (Kt) ch, K any; (3) P x Q, etc; or . . . K-R1; (2) P x R (R), K x P; (3) P x Q etc; or . . . K-Kt2; (2) P x R (B) ch, K x P; (3) P x Q, etc. No space, alas, for more.

The 4-pointer might be too difficult for beginners but for my hint that this is the standard win for Q v. R endings. After (1) Q-B6 ch, K-K1, why would (2) K-K6 be a bad blunder? The win, after a series of checks, is achieved by a subtle *zugzwang* move (first shown by Berger) and forcing the R to stray away from his K. How that? **B**, a win and **C**, a draw (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are highly instructive.

A: André Chéron 1958

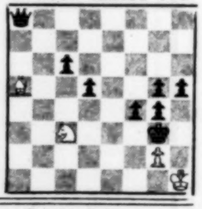


B: André Chéron 1958



Usual prizes. Entries by 18 August.

C: Fred Lazard 1947



REPORT on No. 453. Set 19 July

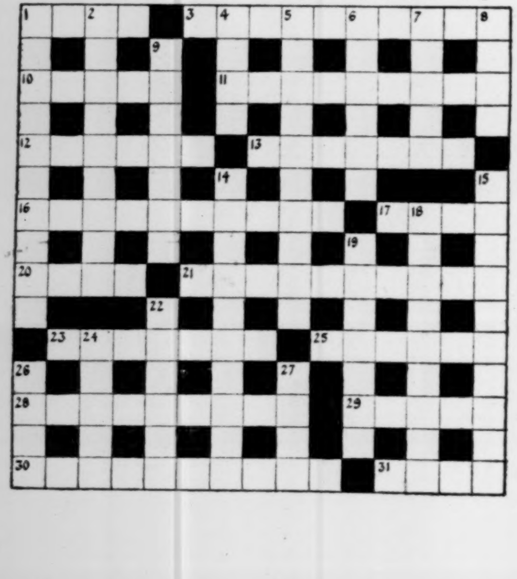
A: (1) P-Kt6!, P x P (forced); (2) Kt x P, Q-Kt1; (3) Kt x R etc
B: (1) B-R1! (P-Kt7?), B x P ch (forced); (2) K-Kt2!, B x P stalemate
C: (1) B-B4, R x B (forced); (2) R-Kt5, P=Q; (3) R-Kt8 R-QKt5; (4) R-B8!, Q x BP; (5) K-K7 ch, Q x R stalemate

Some stumped by **C**, even so a good many correct solutions. Prizes: K. Beaumont, W. H. L. Brooking, L. G. Kennion, D. H. R. Stallybrass, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 315

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 315, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 19 Aug.



ACROSS

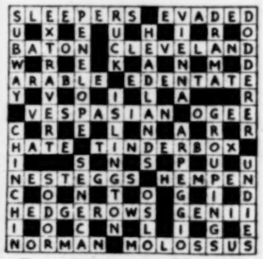
1. This time there are four missing from the case (4).
3. The rider has to display an article of clothing (10).
10. A young lady who is unsuitable (5).
11. Result of steps taken when the measure is dropped (9).
12. Cretan concoction which makes a nice drink (6).
13. Demanded the rearrangement of the medical (7).
16. A sprinkling render the hymns without the gabble of prayers (10).
17. If found in bars the bishop becomes a robber (4).
20. Home seriously lacking in what happened long ago (4).
21. The rash people have deplorable backing about the Russian menace (10).
23. One who cuts a fine figure on the stage (7).
25. It is distressing when one takes precedence over two sovereigns (6).
28. Homer has a game following in this ancient town (9).
29. 'Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing. ——!' (Carroll) (5).
30. Affection potentially present in sender and sent (10).
31. Plead, by the sound of it, for a victim (4).

DOWN

1. Finding what is wrong and giving a cure with a gin mixed in it (10).
2. A lost cat I made into clothes (9).
4. Remove from the board for a fit of anger (4).
5. The countryman has to speculate about the redistribution of the load (10).
6. A place of amusement without capital is dishonest (6).
7. A beating for the seeds (5).
8. A number thus risky would produce an accident (4).
9. Russell is about to begin as a deity (7).
14. Give the old fellow a weapon for the great battle (10).
15. A piece of writing on method gives a means of access (10).
18. A sprat is female, not a foreigner (9).
19. Putting up with appreciation of music in a popular singer (7).
22. Actor that is a playwright (6).
24. Longfellow's Shuh-shuh-gah (5).
26. Payment for a very short time on the bed (4).
27. Cages for birds (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 313



S	L	E	E	P	E	R	S	■	E	V	A	D	E	D
U	■	X	■	E	■	U	■	H	■	I	■	R	■	O
B	A	T	O	N	■	C	L	E	V	E	L	A	N	D
W	■	R	■	E	■	K	■	A	■	N	■	M	■	D
A	R	A	B	L	E	■	E	D	E	N	T	A	T	E
Y	■	V	■	O	■	I	■	L	■	A	■	■	■	R
■	V	E	S	P	A	S	I	A	N	■	O	G	E	E
C	■	R	■	E	■	L	■	N	■	A	■	R	■	R
H	A	T	E	■	T	I	N	D	E	R	B	O	X	■
I	■	■	■	S	■	N	■	S	■	P	■	U	■	U
N	E	S	T	E	G	G	S	■	H	E	M	P	E	N
C	■	O	■	N	■	T	■	O	■	G	■	I	■	D
H	E	D	G	E	R	O	W	S	■	G	E	N	I	I
I	■	O	■	C	■	N	■	L	■	I	■	G	■	E
N	O	R	M	A	N	■	M	O	L	O	S	S	U	S

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To phrases that would win fair words from Fowler;
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BBC requires Assistant in Fieldwork Section, Audience Research Department. Duties include some office work but consist mainly of training and supervising part-time interviewers, men and women, engaged on the continuous countrywide survey of listening and viewing. Considerable travelling is involved and much of the time will be spent outside London. Candidates should be capable of giving clear and easily understood instructions to people of many different kinds. A good knowledge of BBC programmes and some practical experience in training of staff or in market research interviewing are desirable. Salary £590 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £855 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.742 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires News Assistant, Television in Manchester. To share in preparation and editing of Television News programmes under supervision of Regional News Editor. Work includes selection and sub-editing of News stories and writing captions to illustrations and commentary to film. Professional journalistic experience and keen interest in developing use of visual News material essential. Knowledge of North of England important. Though concentrating on Television, would assist in production of Sound News programmes, if required. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.743, N Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

WADDESDON Manor (National Trust). Applications are invited from men under 55 for the post of Administrative Officer. Duties include supervision of indoor and outdoor staff, buildings and garden; control of arrangements for the admission of the public, etc. Free quarters, light and heat. Initial salary £780 per annum. Contributory pension scheme. Interest in art an advantage but not essential. Written application, with names of two referees, giving age, qualifications and details of education and previous career, must reach Director, Waddesdon Manor, Aylesbury, Bucks, not later than 21 August.

WOMAN Personnel Officer. A vacancy exists in the Personnel Department of The Mullard Radio Valve Co. Ltd for a woman Personnel Officer who will be required to work under the guidance of the Senior Women's Personnel Officer and will be expected to take responsibility for the personnel function in a number of the Company's divisions. The work is in a large Personnel Department which is capable of giving the necessary training to help the successful applicant to make the best possible contribution to the function of the department. Applications are invited from young women who possess a University degree in Arts or one of the social sciences, and who are under 30 years of age. Previous industrial experience is not essential but applicants must have a serious interest in working in industry for several years. Apply in writing to Mr. J. C. Ross, Plant Personnel Officer, New Road, Mitcham Junction, Surrey.

PERSONAL Assistant to owner of retail business of good standing. Good English typing and figure work essential. Congenial position for capable, conscientious woman. State age and details of career. Box 2388.

VOCATIONAL Guidance – The VGA Scheme offers a unique answer to the problem of planning a career. Apply Secretary, The Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. (WELbeck 8017.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, WC1. Child Psychotherapist required for 4 three-hourly sessions per week, on Mondays and Fridays from 1st October, 1958. Applicants should possess an honours degree in Psychology or equivalent recognised training and experience in Child Psychotherapy and membership of the Association of Child Psychotherapists (non medical). Sessional Fee £1 13s. 8d. including London Weighting. Full details may be obtained from the Department of Psychological Medicine and forms of application from the undersigned. H. F. Rutherford, House Governor & Secretary.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST required by LCC for 5 sessions a week at Gideon School for Maladjusted Children, Battersea. Applicants should possess an Honours Degree in Psychology or the Mental Health Certificate and have undertaken specialised training in Psychotherapy, including analysis with children. Salary £646 5s. a year. Application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1446), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 18 August.

WELL-known progressive boarding-school needs teachers for Eng., Hist., French, Geography; late September. Box 2326.

HOME Help Organiser reqd by LCC for duty in E. London. Candidates should be energetic and capable of managing staff; prev. expce in running a home help or similar social service desirable. Salary scale £667 10s. – £742 10s. Applicn forms and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 5, 273 Bancroft Road, Mile End, E1, by 15 August. (1482).

HOUSEMOTHER and Cook (or domestic help) wanted September. Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset (co-educational boarding). Job might suit two friends. Apply by letter giving references.

ASSISTANTS for Library work required for 15 hours a week during term time (mainly evenings), in Institute providing courses in literature, languages, history, music, art and drama, etc. Rate, if over 25 years, 60s. 7d. gross. Write, by 15 August, 1958, giving age, experience, etc., to the Principal (D), City Literary Institute, Stukeley Street, London, WC2. (1510.)

UNUSUAL job for responsible music lover; Philomusica of London require assistant secretary; interesting administrative work (with typing), close contact with orchestra. Write to Box 2425.

RADIO and Electrical retail business of good standing, NW London, requires (a) TV service engineer, (b) electrician, (c) Trainee for electrical work; able to drive. Good prospects for keen, capable men. State age and details of career. Box 2387.

EXPANDING West End & Hampstead Secretarial College requires Part/ or Full/time Secretaries with good speeds willing to teach sec. subjects & English. Must be efficient and adaptable, knowledge French desirable. Box 2291.

ACCOUNTANTS, West End office, require part-time services of intelligent person for routine clerical duties. Either three or four half-days a week or two or three full days. Citroen & Partners, 82 Portland Place, London, W1. LANgham 8661.

SECRETARY for congenial West End office, interested in the arts. High speeds not essential. Apply in writing, stating age and salary required. Box 2440.

TRADE Union Official needs secretary, up to £600 p.a. Apply STCS, 372 Wandsworth Road, SW8.

EMBASSY reqs well-educated secretary 24/25 for interesting post. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

SUPERIOR Office Staff offer London's finest temp. and perm. positions at 43 South Molton Street, Mayfair. HYD. 8383.

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BACHELOR, 40, educ., artistic, seeks work anywhere. Previous books, agric. Box 2329.

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STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand WC2. TEM 6644.

PERSONAL

PLEASANT Hampstead garden flat to let 16 Aug. – 7 Sept. £25 incl. Box 2420.

SENSIBLE person with initiative wanted to run modern bungalow farmhouse, in beau. Chilterns. Mother goes to work. Boys 13 & 6. Young atmosphere. As family. Box 2279.

SIMPLE Connemara cottage, splendid position, sea, mountains, free 6 Sept.; £2 weekly. Write Mrs John Toole, Garraunbawn, Moyard, Co. Galway.

PERSONAL—continued

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WHO can give me title, author, publisher of book containing instructions on cudgel, or quarterstaff, fighting? Box 2409.

YOUNG man, 20's, single, fond of theatre, sea & mountains, seeks companion (m.) for holiday September. Box 2369.

COTTAGE wanted to buy nr river or coast, pt let to agreeable tenant. Box 2364.

WHO wants Town and Country Planning mag. May 52-Apr. 58? Also Maclean's (Canada) most from Oct. 54? Box 2230.

GENTLEMAN offers 1-2 seats in Morris, tour Alps. Costs shared. Box 2363.

INAUGURAL Meeting of the All Nations Social Club's Conversation Group (for all nationalities), Sat. 16 August from 8 p.m. Snack bar. At 83 Chiltern St (nr Baker St Stn), W1. All welc. 2s. 6d. at door.

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HOLIDAYS not yet arranged? You are still in time to join one of our houseparties by the sea in England, either for a weekend or for a longer stay, or you can be included on some of our August or Sept. arrangements to the Continent. Contact Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd, SW7. KEN. 0911.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: 29 Aug. – 12 Sept. 'Group Thinking & Creative Process' and 'Holiday Painting & Sketching'. Week-end courses begin again 5 Sept.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), H. G. Clouzot's 'The Picasso Mystery' (U).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 10 Aug.: Laughton in 'Hobson's Choice' (U). From 11 Aug.: Carol Reed's 'Odd Man Out' (A). From 14 Aug.: T. Howard 'An Outcast of the Islands' (A).

ROXY, Bayswater 2345. W/c. 10 Augt. Ray Milland, 'Reap the Wild Wind' (A.) S. Loren, A. Quinn, 'Attila The Hun' (U.).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S new publication Raoul Dufy's The Open Window, £3 6s. & 9s. 4d. tax from all printsellers and from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Gregory Fellowship Exhibition: Armitage, Butler, Dalwood, Davie, Frost and Froy. 14 August to 20 September. Adm. 1s., members free. Private view for members: 6 p.m. Wed., 13 August.

ART Treasures from Japan. An Arts Council Exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 17 August. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2.30-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1958 English & French paintings, watercolours, & original lithographs. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Aug.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

THE Waddington Galleries. Three Painters. Ivon Hitchens, Jack B. Yeats, Roderic O'Conor and 'Colour, Form & Line'. Daily 10-6 Sat. 10-1. 2, Cork St, W1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Water colours. Anthony Gross & others.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important drawings, paintings and sculptures offered for sale in Exhibition of XIX & XX Century European Masters—Bonnard, Degas, Kokoschka, Matisse, Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Rouault, De Stael, Utrillo, Van Gogh, etc., and two new sculptures by Henry Moore. 10.-5.30 Sat. 10-12.30.

ST George's Gallery: Exhibition of the 40 best British Etchings, Lithographs, etc., of 1958. Colour transparency catalogue illustrating all 40, 5s. post free. 7 Cork St, W1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Keith Leonard. Eric Kahn. Alex Flett. 11 August-30 August. Daily 10-6; Sats. 10-1.

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EXHIBITIONS—continued

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CAS Exhibition at the Tate Gallery until 21 August.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INDIAN Independence Day, eleventh anniversary. Programme of Music, Songs and Dances of India presented by the India Arts Society. Chair.: Reginald Sorensen MP. Sat. 16 Aug., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, 7.15. Tickets 2s. 6d. and 1s., from India League, 31a John Adam St, WC2.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. 'A Special General Meeting' at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, Wed., 13 Aug., at 7.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 16 August at 6 p.m. Mr J. de Bruyn: 'Provincial Spain'.

MEET Soviet tourists, Wed., 13 Aug., 7.30 p.m., at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Refreshments, garden. Adm. 2s.

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